

The WAR CRY



William Booth
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN of

in Canada East & Newfoundland

International Headquarters
101 Queen Victoria St. London E.C.

Territorial Headquarters
James and Albert Sts. Toronto.

Edward J. Higgins
General

No. 2403. Price Five Cents.

TORONTO 2, NOVEMBER 8, 1930.

JAMES HAY, Commissioner.



STAND BY THE COLORS!

In the years of war men faced danger and untold suffering with rare fortitude and courage. Wherever The Army Flag flies it calls men to sacrifice and to heroic endeavor in the battle for the King of kings. May we answer that call with readiness and eagerly "Fight the good fight with all our might" (See "Memories," page 8)

"I Will Magnify Him With Thanksgiving"

A New Series of Apposite Articles

BULWARKS OF FAITH No. 1—Why Do We Need Doctrine?

WEAK religious sentiment never produces strong spiritual character. Beliefs must be bold and incisively definite if they are to stand the shock of adverse criticism, as well as be eternally evangelical. And we should be evangelical in our faith. There is little strength in repose.

Usually those who say they have no creed make this the excuse for their own mental indolence. It is obvious that to maintain any attitude of mind whatsoever toward God, man and Salvation implies the acceptance, either tacit or outspoken, of a personal creed. Therefore it appears that there is a certain inevitability about creed. Every person holds some conception, more or less definite in form, of God, man and duty.

Of the necessity for doctrine there is no doubt. Without a concrete expression of belief how could error be refuted? Take away the world's standard yard measure, which exists in the Standards Office in London, England, and in a few decades a hundred and one diverse "yards" would exist. Chaos would obtain in the world of linear measurement. If the same operation could be applied to Christian fundamentals, so that no one could feel certain about God's existence, Christ's Divinity, the efficacy of the Atonement, man's ethical responsibilities, it would plunge the world into mental, moral and spiritual despair, and present a ready opening for the emergence of manifold heresies.

A distinct, unhesitating belief in vital truths is positively essential as a standard whereby error might be detected, and a weapon exercised to its overthrow. "The sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God," is a potent part of that "whole armor of God" wherewith we may "stand against the wiles of the devil."

To obtain such an "armor" we can suggest no more profitable procedure than for the Salvationist to make an intelligent, Spirit-guided study of the Bible. When Paul was leaving Ephesus he commended the believers unto God, "and to the Word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

Was it not Emerson who said, in effect, that great truths, when they become part of a man's very soul, will leap forth from his lips (and his life, too, we might add) spontaneously, fearlessly? With no one is this more true than the man to whom the Bible is "sweeter than honey." Read Psalm 119: 97-104.

It is the mission of this series of articles, to outline the salient features of Army belief, in the hope that desire for a more comprehensive study of the Bible and Handbook of Doctrine may be aroused in a wider circle of Salvationists, and that faith may be generally strengthened and fortified.—C.D.W.

Next week: How does the Bible differ from Shakespeare?

THE ANGEL OF THANKSGIVING

THERE is an old story which tells how two angels are constantly coming and going between Heaven and earth. They have each an errand. The one comes to receive the requests of men, the other to gather up the thanksgiving. This part of their work accomplished they return to Heaven. But, whereas the angel of request goes back from earth to Heaven heavily laden each time he comes to gather up the prayers of men, the angel of thanksgiving and gratitude has almost empty hands as he returns from his errands.

This is not as it should be, according to the example of Scripture, which is full of songs of praise and thanksgiving to God.

In all the world there is nothing which can turn the wilderness into the Garden of God like the flower of thanksgiving, a flower which bloomed on Patmos when John wrote his book with this glorious song in it: "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

Let us at all times sing the song of thanksgiving. Let us at all times show our thanksgiving in practical service for our Lord and Master. If you sing the song of thanksgiving it will be taken up by another, and then another until the crowds are singing it.

"It Becomes Necessary To Insist"

"THIS is an age which is impatient of old mysticisms and greedy of new. It is ready for any adventure in nature, science, or charlatanism, but it will not concede the supernatural. If it professes a belief in God, the belief is, at best, conditional. God must be harnessed to the rules of man. He must consent to abdicate all-mightiness and dwell within the limits imposed by human reason.

"To make a plea for primitive faith, is, therefore, to invite rebuff. To but-

dress the plea with evidences which cut right across the reservation of to-day is to run a risk of alienating sympathies . . . It becomes necessary to insist, without qualification of any kind, that in the work of The Salvation Army there is positive and continual evidence of supernatural collaboration."

[From "God in the Shams," by Hugh Redwood, Deputy-Managing Editor of the London (England) "News-Chronicle"]

A TOPSY-TURVY THING

LIFE is a strange, topsy-turvy kind of a thing. Who may understand or explain it? We toil and struggle for the things that we think would give us happiness and then find most of our real happiness and enjoyment in the incidental things for which we have not toiled or struggled at all. We keep on believing that the possession of certain things will give us the completest satisfaction, while all the time we see that the people who have the most of them are frequently the most dissatisfied, and we at the same time have actually got much of our satisfaction in learning to do without them.

It seems so difficult to get possession of a considerable amount of the things that are generally supposed to make men happy without, in the process, losing something whose want makes real happiness quite impossible. If we get a little money or social position we often begin to feel sorry for the people who have not much of either, while all the time they are more rich and content and happy than we. It wasn't the money or the social position that spoiled things, but somehow when these came it was so hard to hold on to some of the things that really make life. Even though poor, I feel like shouting out with joy for the satisfying things I have.—A.B.

PRAISE TO GOD

"Oh! render thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through
ages past
Has stood, and shall forever
last.

"Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal
praise?"

THE FAMILY ALTAR

Sunday, Nov. 9th, 2 Kings 11:13-21
Immediately after the covenant with God, there followed the destruction of the Baal-worship which had been ruining the land. It is always safest to put a wrong right immediately the revelation comes.

Song Book—No. 744.
Monday, Nov. 10th, 2 Kings 12:1-10
"RECEIVE NO MORE MONEY . . . BUT DELIVER IT FOR THE BREACHES OF THE HOUSE."—God's house always suffers when selfishness creeps in, whether it be the temple of the heart, or the sanctuary of the home.

Song Book—No. 751.
Tuesday, Nov. 11th, 2 Kings 12:11-16
"THE TRESPASS MONEY AND SIN MONEY . . . WAS THE PRIESTS'." By the new arrangement the priests were not to be deprived of their lawful ancient dues; only henceforth gifts intended for the sanctuary were kept apart from gifts intended for the priesthood.

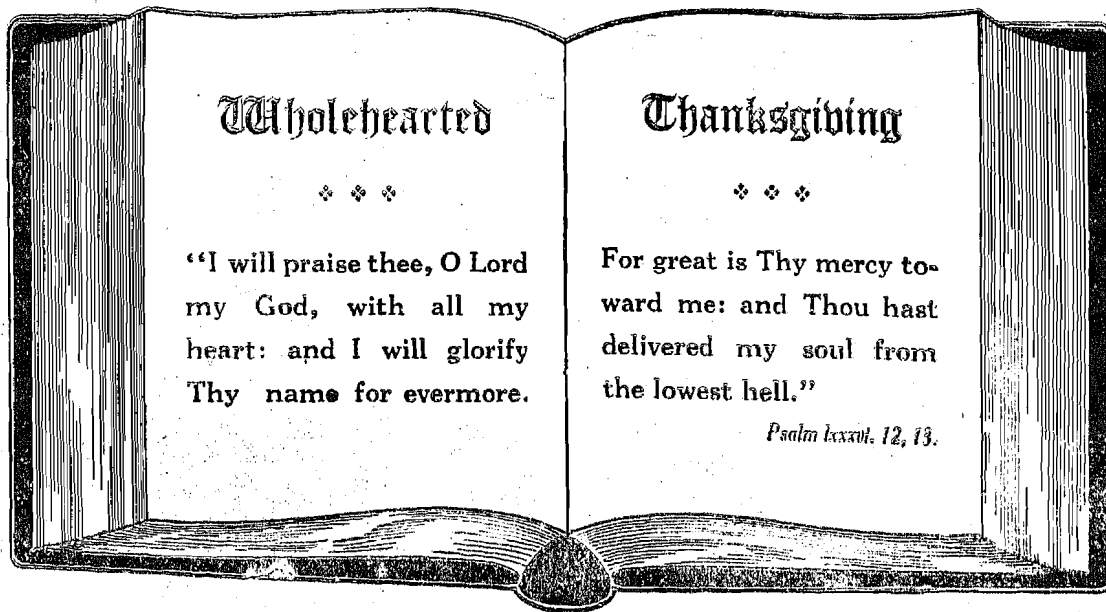
Song Book—No. 437.
Wednesday, Nov. 12th, 2 Kings 13:14-21
"THEN ELISHA SAID 'SHOOT' . . . AND HE SHOT." Elisha did not tell the king to shoot five, or six times, and because he shot only thrice he was awarded accordingly. The sense of need in our hearts is given by God, but He leaves it to our faith as to how fully He is able to meet that need.

Song Book—No. 202.
Thursday, Nov. 13th, 2 Kings 17:9-13
"THEY SOLD THEMSELVES TO DO EVIL."—Slaves in olden days were sold by their masters to servitude. To-day none can sell you except yourself, for although an evil is seeking to become stronger than your will, God is offering to keep you free.

Song Book—No. 225.
Friday, Nov. 14th, Gal. 1:1-12
"DO I SEEK TO PLEASE MEN?"—There comes to nearly all the temptation to compromise on a point of principle to keep the favor of someone. It is then we must choose between the approval of God, and very often the friendship of man.

Song Book—No. 417.
"IT PLEASED GOD . . . TO REVEAL HIS SON."—We recall the words of the Father "My Son, in whom I am well pleased." The joy He had in Christ He feels also in a humble soul accepting the revelation He waits to give of that son.

Song Book—No. 511.



FROM THE OLD LAND TO THE YUKON

Commandant Samuel Blackburn Has Commanded Twenty-Eight Corps on the Canadian Field, Ranging from Newfoundland to the North-West

ALMOST incredible though it may appear, the Editorial Department has allowed some splendid "copy"—to use journalistic phraseology—to lie dormant for sixteen years! The fact that the subject of the "copy" has dwelt in Toronto all that time but accentuates the incredibility of the thing. The veteran Commandant Samuel Blackburn is the man in question, and for variety and interest his career is positively fascinating. The Commandant and his wife entered honorable retirement in 1914, but up to this time their story has never appeared in our pages.

When Samuel Blackburn was a very young man there was no Army in his native town of Guisborough, England. Work in a nearby centre had been opened in the latter '70's, however, and a group of Guisborough youths were so charmed by the new Movement that they set up an unofficial "Army" of their own. Blackburn's association with this preparatory band, and his ultimate conversion, came about as the result of a gamble.

On New Year's night, 1880, whilst in the early stages of intoxication, he said to one of his companions, "I bet I can keep sober longer than you can." The challenge was accepted, and Blackburn threw himself into the matter with all his powers of resistance. Realizing that he would have to steer clear of beer parlors or his high resolves would be thrown to the winds, he cast in his lot with the embryo-Salvationists. Subsequently he became soundly converted.

Shortly after that, The Army opened fire in the town, and the young men went over to it en masse. The late Brigadier Frazer, and our old friend Adjutant Harpley (R), who now resides in Toronto, soldiered side by side with Commandant Blackburn in those hectic days.

Samuel gave no early thought to Officership; he considered that ideal altogether too high for his attainment. The Army Founder thought differently, however. He visited Guisborough with the famous Fry family Band, interviewed Blackburn and two other zealots, accepted them on the spot, and in six months Lieutenant Blackburn was at his first

Corps, Ligoniel, in Ireland. His Captain (now Major Charles Halsey (R), of Ilford, England), was the first Cadet to enter an Army Training Home. That was in the day of beginnings.

All was not tranquillity for the young Officer. Not long after his promotion to the rank of Captain he was sent to jail for the heinous offence of preaching the Gospel on a country road. This is how "The War Cry" of August 28th, 1886, described it: "For preaching the Gospel on the road of a country village, Captain Blackburn, of Tiverton, was summoned

to give the Captain a volley as he marched out of the massive doors, and then we formed into a line and paraded off to the barracks." Vigorous protest against the incarceration, in the Press, indicated that the tide of public opinion was already turning in favor of The Army.

In December, 1886, Captain Blackburn was transferred to Canada. Ingersoll was his first Corps, and here the converted drunks marched in The Army procession with loose shirts, of a shouting red, flapping over their other clothing and hanging nearly to their knees. They were immensely happy in their Salvation!

The Commandant had twenty-eight Corps on the Canadian Field, ranging all the way from Newfoundland, in the East, to the Yukon, in the North-West. It was at Cornwall, Ont., that he came in touch with the young Officer who eventually became Mrs. Blackburn. She has been an invaluable support to her husband, the manner in which she worked by his side during their six years of arduous service amongst the red Indians of British Columbia and Alaska, being nothing less than marvellous.

They entered upon that great Salvation adventure shortly after the inception of Indian work. The Indians, in their visits to the southern towns of British Columbia had come in touch with The Army, several were converted, and returning to their Northern homes, at Port Simpson, and along the Skeena River, had attempted to start their own Salvation Army. Soon a call came for Officers to guide the dusky enthusiasts. Bold pioneer spirits they were who first carried The Army Flag up the mountain-bordered Pacific coast and into the hinterland.



Commandant Samuel Blackburn

ed before a bench of Magistrates. Because he refused, on principle, to pay the costs of the Court, the Captain was sent to Exeter Jail for seven days."

An account in a later issue of "The War Cry" refers to his release: "The Exeter Soldiers turned up well at the jail on Monday morning at 9 o'clock,



Picking oakum in Exeter Jail

Stirring times were experienced. The Commandant smiles now when he recalls that some of the more enthusiastic spirits amongst the natives would throw their coats over the Hall clock whilst the meetings were in progress, so that they should not see the time flying away!

The drink was the curse of the Indian. "I recall on one occasion," said the Commandant, "William Moody, one of our Soldiers, getting into the ring at Port Essington, and crying out in deep passion, with his Bible in his hand, 'We love the white man—he send missionaries—we better people. Very good! But white man came after with his firewater. Very bad. Made our people bad. We like white man to come if he can do us good.' With tears in his eyes, the grand old saint of God cried out, 'We want to be good people!'"

It was a delight to work amongst such simple, faithful souls.

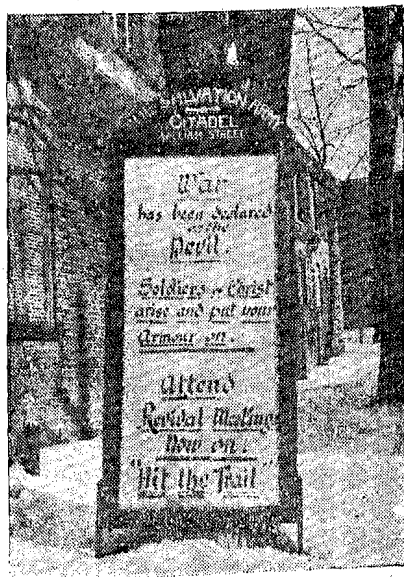
The final years of their Officers' careers were spent by Commandant and Mrs. Blackburn in the Men's Social Department, first at Winnipeg, and then at Toronto, from which latter post they entered retirement.

These veterans have lost none of their original Salvation fire. Like the aged Cincinnatus of early Roman days, who forsook his plough for the sword at a time of national danger, the Commandant is ready at any time to plunge into battle against sin, and fight side by side with more youthful comrades.

On Congress Wednesday this seasoned warrior reached his 75th birthday, and was accorded hearty congratulations by scores of acquaintances.

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.—Goldsmith.

PRINTER'S INK is a great blessing to the world. Thanks to it, and other boons, we are able to read of happenings in all parts of the world; the housewife is able to learn of bargains she can obtain; the man in the street hears of interesting events which are to take place.



A typical Campaign poster

A Tip for the "Regions Beyond" Campaign

USE PRINTER'S INK

Says an Officer in Passing On Some Ideas He Has Successfully Employed to Draw the Crowds

But it seems to me that some of us in The Army fail to make use of this splendid means of publicity. As a Corps Officer I endeavored to make the very best use of printer's ink, by various advertising ideas.

Thinking of the approaching "Regions Beyond" Campaign, I felt led to pass on a suggestion or two which worked wonders in one town of 8,000 population in which we had the privilege of laboring.

We had decided to hold a Revival Campaign. We planned to adopt a slogan, and finally decided on "Hit the Trail." Posters were printed on which the slogan appeared in bold letters. A large notice board was attached to a tree on the corner of a street, pointing the direction to the Citadel. This notice board was not overcrowded with matter; it contained, in big type, the eleven words: "To the Winter Camp Meetings. Hit the Trail. Meetings every night."

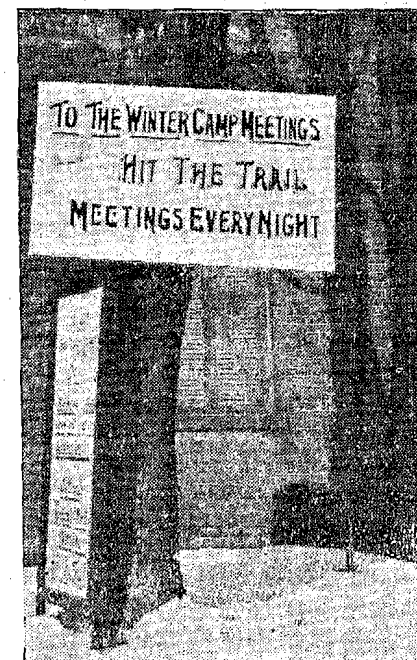
This caught the eye of the pedestrians who passed the corner. But many people passed quickly in auto-

mobiles, and could not read the poster. What was to be done? An ordinary "ad" in the church notices column in the local paper was already appearing weekly. But very often many people do not trouble to read these columns.

So I decided on an "ad" with a catchy heading, such as "A rolling stone gathers no moss," adding an invitation to the special Revival Meetings, and any special announcement I wished to make.

Being anxious to obtain co-operation, I hit on the following plan. Nearly every store in the town had a small display advertisement in the twice-a-week local newspaper. I interviewed all these advertisers and asked them to insert our slogan at the foot of their advertisement, explaining that the catchy line would cause people to read their "ad." I suggested the words, "Hit the Trail with The Salvation Army," with the dates of the campaign.

The idea was taken up well, and to our great surprise two advertising



spaces were donated to us in four issues of the paper by two business houses, with their compliments. Re- (Con. at foot of col. 1, page 14)



VICTORY WINNING ON THE FIELD



HE FOLLOWED THE ARMY From the Park to the Hall

MONCTON (Adjutant McLean, Adjutant Hayward) — Staff-Captain Ellery was with us for Saturday and Sunday, some little time ago. It was her welcome visit and we enjoyed her stay very much. On Sunday morning Ensign Whitehead, who accompanied the Staff-Captain, was the speaker at the Holiness meeting. In the afternoon an Open-air took place at Bend View Park, being listened to by a large crowd. One man in the park, who seemed to enjoy the service, came to the meeting at night. The Staff-Captain gave a soul-gripping message.—C.L.

SOLDIERS CARRY ON

While Leaders at Congress

TILLSONBURG (Captain and Mrs. Allen)—While our Officers were away at Congress the Soldiers rallied to the front and carried on the good work. The Sunday night meeting was conducted by Brother and Sister Piper, assisted by Brother Bellany, of Windsor. We are having good attendances at our meetings and especially at our Company meeting, for which we give God the thanks.—C. C. Anderson.

CROWDS THROG OPEN-AIR

LITTLE CURRENT (Captain Cooper, Lieutenant Dockeray)—Last week-end we had with us Major and Mrs. Owen. In the Saturday night Open-air their singing was enjoyed by a great number of people standing around.

In the Sunday morning Holiness meeting, the presence of God was with us, when one brother and two sisters reconsecrated their lives to God. A large crowd attended the Salvation meeting at night held in the Orange Hall.

RENFREW (Adjutant Webster, Lieutenant Howells)—Mrs. Brigadier Burton and Mrs. Staff-Captain Bourne visited our Home League recently. They brought much blessing, and the talk of Mrs. Brigadier Burton was of help.—D. M. Welburn.

HAMILTON V (Ensign and Mrs. Dickenson) — While many of our comrades were attending the Congress meetings, and owing to the absence of our Officers, the morning meeting was led on by the Sergeant-Major, Corps Treasurer, and Corp Cadet Guardian. The Salvation meeting was conducted by our Bandmaster.—E.F.

SIX FIND SALVATION

In Mariners' Meeting

HALIFAX I (Commandant and Mrs. Speller)—Last Sunday evening was the occasion of our first "Mariners' Service," conducted by our Officers, in the interest of seamen, many of whom attended the meeting.

A feature was the singing by the congregation of a number of old songs, to suit the occasion. "The Gospel Ship," by the Songsters, was well received.

Commandant Richardson related to us some of his experiences in His Majesty's Navy, during which time he was converted on a battleship and joined the Naval and Military League. He said that the grace of God was sufficient to help him live a victorious life while at sea. There were six seekers, five of whom were backsliders.

There has been a marked increase in the Sunday night attendances in recent weeks.—L. G. Smith.

SIXTY PER CENT. UP!

CLINTON (Captain and Mrs. Ward)—Our Harvest Thanksgiving services were held last Sunday and conducted by Captain A. Bryant from London. His earnest messages brought rich blessings and we rejoiced over two surrenders.

We have welcomed Brother and Sister Elliott, who have transferred from Seaforth; also another family from Stratford.

Our Harvest Festival Target is smashed and we rejoice in a sixty per cent. increase in the altar service.—J.C.

PLANNING FUTURE LABORS

SMITH'S FALLS (Ensign and Mrs. E. Clarke)—Major and Mrs. McElhiney conducted the Harvest Festival services last week-end. A full house greeted the Major on Sunday evening.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings we held our sale, which realized the fine sum of \$167. We have smashed our Target, and are now planning for earnest Fall and Winter work.—Ag.

MUSIC IN PRISON

BRAMPTON (Adjutant and Mrs. Thompson)—On Harvest Sunday the Band visited the jail with cheering music and messages. One man volunteered for Salvation at night.

Lieut.-Colonel McAmmond and Adjutant Green was with us on Rally Sunday. Adjutant Green dedicated two little ones.—W.S.

CAMPAIGN PREPARATIONS

Rousing Soldiers' Rally

BYNG AVENUE (Captain Smith, Lieutenant Poulton)—Last Wednesday we commenced our Winter Campaign, with a rousing Soldiers' meeting, when the presence of God melted each heart into a spirit of unity of purpose and desire, that purpose being the Salvation of souls, and the strengthening of our own spiritual experience. A number of comrades spoke for a few moments upon the different aspects of revival.

It was past ten o'clock when we closed our service by forming an unbroken circle, and singing to God a song and pledge of consecration.—Duncan.

HUSBAND AND WIFE SAVED

HAMILTON V (Ensign and Mrs. Dickenson)—In this Corps on the mountain top, we are having some wonderful times. In our Holiness meeting the Holy Spirit was with us. We had two seekers. There was a fine Company meeting attendance in the afternoon.

At night we saw three more at the Mercy-seat, including a husband and wife.—E.F.H.V.

PRAYER BRINGS REVIVAL

GALT (Adjutant and Mrs. Kimmins)—We feel that a revival has broken out in our midst, after much faith and prayer. On Sunday last we had five seekers at the Mercy-seat, three for Salvation and two for Sanctification. Praise God!—D.D.

CORPS SHE OPENED

BYNG AVENUE (Captain Smith, Lieutenant Poulton)—Adjutant Bobbit, who opened this Corps nearly nine years ago, and who is now on furlough from India, conducted the services last Sunday. Many blessings were gained during the day. In the afternoon the Adjutant spoke to the children about India. At night she delivered a very forcible message, and one seeker knelt at the Cross.—Ian.

YOUNG FOLK SAVED

EAST TORONTO (Field-Major and Mrs. Higdon)—Our week-end meetings were very helpful to those who attended. Mrs. Higdon gave an inspiring message in our Holiness meeting. One seeker surrendered. On Sunday afternoon seven of our young people were saved.—K.A.

SEVEN AT MERCY-SEAT

Missionary Officers Bring Blessing

LONDON I (Adjutant and Mrs. Alderman)—Recently four seekers knelt at the Mercy-seat, and on Sunday last three more surrendered. Brother Peter McGinnie, well-known in London for many years, met with a fatal accident the other day. His testimony was certain right up to the end. Adjutant Alderman conducted the funeral.

Two missionary Officers, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Cowan were with us recently, arousing interest and bestowing blessings.—L.E.McC.



Brother Hingsworth, "ready-for-anything" enthusiast, champion Harvest Festival collector, and sterling Salvationist of Peterboro Corps

YOUNG PEOPLE ADVANCE

Junior Soldiers Enrolled

NORTH SYDNEY (Ensign and Mrs. Everitt) — On Rally Sunday afternoon a fine program was put on by the young folk. The Primary Department Singing Company, Life-Saving Guards, Young People's Band, and Corps Cadets took part. Ensign Everitt acted as chairman. An enrolment of Junior Soldiers by Mrs. Ensign Everitt was a feature. On Monday evening a Guard Rally was held and a very fine program was enjoyed by a good crowd.

On Tuesday afternoon a Home League Rally was held when Mrs. Ensign Green, of Sydney Mines, spoke to the members.

On Wednesday a Company Guards' Rally was held, which proved very successful. Ten new children were secured for the Company meeting, and also two new Company Guards.

NEWSY TID-BITS

BEDFORD PARK (Ensign Russell, Lieutenant Gaylard)—On last week-end, despite the cold winds that presaged Winter's coming, our Open-airs were well attended. In both morning and evening meetings our souls were pleased.—P.D.

ORILLIA (Commandant and Mrs. White) — On Harvest Festival Sunday, two comrades surrendered themselves fully to the Lord. The Band and Songsters provided special music over the week-end.—W.W.

WYCHWOOD (Captain and Mrs. Piffrey) — On Sunday Major and Mrs. Spooner conducted the services. The Young People were in charge of the afternoon meeting, and put on a splendid program.—Eh Bass.

WESTVILLE (Lieutenant Park)—On Tuesday we said farewell to three comrades, Sister Mrs. Cuthbert and her two daughters. Ensign Beaumont was with us recently. Her talks proved a blessing to all. Our Home League has been re-organized, seventeen being in attendance at the last meeting.—S.M.

ST. STEPHEN (Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens)—Our Outpost Open-airs, during the Summer months, have been a great blessing to all. On Monday we had two Open-airs, one at Black's Harbor, and out at Beaver's Harbor.—T.D.



The active Corps Cadet Brigade at Galt, with Adjutant and Mrs. Kimmins, Corps Officers

THEY STEP UP

Congratulations are Offered to Brigadier Watkinson and Staff-Captain and Mrs. Forbes

One of the noble coterie that renders selfless and devoted service "behind the scenes" is Brigadier Mrs. Watkinson, whose recent elevation to that rank is merited recognition of her faithful labors. For the last two years she has been an invaluable member of the Field Department.

The Brigadier is a "daughter of the Regiment," her father, the late Colonel Samuel Rees, having served in Canada East, and held positions at the Territorial Headquarters, as well as putting in a term as Sub-Territorial Commander for Newfoundland.



Brigadier Watkinson

The Brigadier accompanied her father to Newfoundland, there rendering splendid service, and all the subsequent years of her Officer-career have been spent in Canada East. For ten years she filled the responsible position of Private Secretary to the Commissioner, serving, in turn, under Commissioners Richards, Sowton and Maxwell. This, of itself, speaks of the Brigadier's capabilities and of the trust reposed in her.

Both Staff-Captain and Mrs. Forbes, who received their blue trimmings recently, spent their Soldier days in the Old Land, where they entered the Work. In the year 1911 they came to Canada, their first appointment being Lindsay, Ont.

The succeeding seven years were devoted to Field work in the Maritimes, where great blessing and success attended their efforts.



Staff-Captain Forbes

Two other Field appointments in Ontario, Brock Avenue, Toronto, and London, preceded the Staff-Captain's transference to the Subscribers' Department at Territorial Headquarters in 1924. Following this, a year on the same work was spent in Halifax, and then the Staff-Captain was appointed to his present position as The Army's Subscribers' representative in London.

We congratulate our comrades and pray God's blessing on their future years.

TERRITORIAL PARS

Brigadier James Imrie, of the Migration Department, London, England, recently escorted a party of newcomers to Canada. The Brigadier visited the Territorial centre, and was present at the Spiritual Day, conducted by the Commissioner, in the Training Garrison on Tuesday last.

A new departure has been launched at Territorial Headquarters, where the women Captains and Lieutenants have been organized into "The Salvation Singers." Mrs. Staff-Captain Mundy is the leader of this versatile musical party, which will, no doubt, do considerable specialising in Toronto and vicinity during the Winter months.

Both Staff-Captain and Mrs. Ursaki express their appreciation of the comradeship of Salvationists during the severe trial which they have recently passed through in the serious accident of their boy.

A Call to Great Searching of Heart

The Commissioner and Mrs. Hay

Preside over Graduation Exercises of Bethesda Hospital Nurses at London

PART of our splendid army of workers toiling unrelentingly behind the scenes, came under the spotlight of public interest in London, on Thursday evening, Oct. 23rd, when the Territorial Commander conducted the Graduation Exercises of the 1930 Class of nurses, trained at Bethesda Hospital. The widespread nature of that interest was demonstrated by the size of the audience which crowded the spacious Citadel and overflowed into the vestibule and down the stairs.

When the procession of nurses entered the Hall, to the accompaniment of music by the London I Band, the gathering rose and expressed its goodwill by a round of hearty applause. From then until the Doxology had been sung, the last congratulation had been spoken and the newly-graduated nurses had gone to their homes, the charm of the occasion never flagged for a moment.

Many things contributed to this happy event, and it would be difficult to say which helped most. The Commissioner was in top-notch form. His epigrammatic counsellings were flavored with more than a few

est in the relief of pain, the growth of hospital work, and the large number who are devoting their lives to this great task; at the same time the Commissioner predicted that, under the influence of Christianity, the next few decades will witness marvellous development along these lines, as the followers of Christ see with increasing clearness the essentially Christ-like nature of this work.

Stressing the importance of training, he reminded us that influences far beyond our ken had been operating in the achievement of the result before us. The course through which the nurses had passed under guidance of the hospital staff and doctors was only the topmost stone of a building which had its foundation deep in early childhood, under a mother's care and helpful home influences.

The graduating nurses were reminded that training and beauty of character are infinitely more important than any charm of body or mind, and more essential to real success in the vocation to which they are giving their lives. It was a forceful and thoughtful address, with its main



The names of the London Graduating Class, 1930, are (back, left to right): Nurses J. Brown, O. Heal, L. Wigle and A. Warner. (Front, left to right): Nurses K. Raynham and M. Irwin, Adjutant Sibbick and Nurse M. Williams

humorous touches, and profusely illustrated by the recital of happenings in his own wide experience. The Band rendered appropriate and highly-appreciated music. The Octet fully maintained its reputation for excellence by the rendition of "Soldiers of Christ Arise," and "Be strong," both well chosen and well sung. The Selection by the Citadel Songsters, was beautiful and warmly received.

The platform was a bower of flowers—tokens of love from friends of the graduates. On the platform the Commissioner was supported by Mrs. Hay, Lt.-Colonel DesBrisay, Major, and Mrs. Best and Adjutant Sibbick, Matron of Bethesda Hospital, also Dr. W. P. Tew, Medical Superintendent, Dr. F. R. Clegg, a member of the Medical Staff, and Rev. B. W. Thompson, who, in a fervent prayer, invoked God's blessing on the young women just launching out on their career in the service of suffering humanity.

The Commissioner's address, which followed the opening exercises, briefly, but with great earnestness, impressed upon all present the importance of the event which had brought them together. It was not merely an opportunity for sharing the happiness of the graduates and showing appreciation of their successful efforts, but it was also a challenge to face the needs of the world, and to heed the cry of the suffering and a call to great searching of heart and renewal of consecration to the service of the unfortunate. He thanked God for the modern development of inter-

points lighted by apt illustration; we venture to predict it will not be soon forgotten by those to whom it was addressed.

Dr. W. P. Tew, Medical Superintendent of Bethesda, and a familiar figure at Army Graduations, also addressed the new nurses and their friends. After offering congratulations he sketched briefly the history of nursing in The Army, reminding us that it was primarily a religious work, for all nursing at its best was a religious profession. In words which should be passed on to every aspirant for nursing honors, he named the characteristics which mark a true nurse as sympathy, health and discipline. Enlarging on each of these with remarks of highest import, he urged the graduates to "carry on" as they have done during training, performing their daily tasks with God-given daily grace and preserving that equanimity which is one of the surest evidences of strength of character.

After offering his sincere congratulations, Dr. F. R. Clegg led the nurses in the recital of the infinitely beautiful and impressive Florence Nightingale Pledge.

The long-sought and hard-earned diplomas were handed to the Graduates by Mrs. Commissioner Hay, who addressed a few words of congratulation and counsel to each before passing them on to Lt.-Colonel DesBrisay, who pinned upon each uniform the Class Pin.

Mrs. Commissioner Hay dedicated the newcomers with full nursing honors, to God and their life-work in a prayer which throbbed with heart-

GOD AND THE CRADLE

MRS. GENERAL BOOTH

Conducts Noteworthy Dedication Service

"In Thee shall all families of the earth be blessed," quoted Mrs. General Bramwell Booth at the dedication of her grandson, Albin David Bernard, to God, before a packed crowd in the Regent Hall, London. "By sending His own dear Son into the world, as a baby," continued Mrs. Booth, "how interesting God has made the cradle!"

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Wycliffe Booth, the parents of the child, were that evening farewelling for service in France, the Staff-Captain having been appointed as Territorial Young People's Secretary there.

"As I look upon my son and daughter-in-law, I love to realize they are both Salvationists of the third generation," added Mrs. Booth, who had been given a very warm welcome on her appearance, "and their dear child will, I believe, be a Salvationist of the fourth!"

The farewelling parents, having made their solemn promises for the little one, there was an unusual but delightful addition to the ceremony when Mrs. Booth, with the bonny baby in her arms, asked his two small sisters and eldest brother if they also would promise to help him to be good. "Yes, grandma, I will," said each little one, saluting.

"May this child become a prophet!" ran the telegram from the grandparents, in Paris, Commissioner and Mrs. Peyron.

After a thrilling call for consecration by Mrs. General Booth, the Flag was raised and the whole congregation joined in singing "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee," twelve afterwards coming forward, in response to the appeal of Commissioner Catherine, who also assisted in conducting the meeting.

"IT DID ME GOOD!"

Another Terse Impression of the Officers' Council

From a practical, educational and intensely-spiritual standpoint, it is my conviction that the Congress Officers' Council was the best I have ever attended, and I have attended many. What splendid beneficial material was handed out; just the thing we needed; it ought to be a real impetus to us all.

Words fail me with reference to the wonderful singing. Wasn't it soul-stirring and inspiring? My word, it did me good!

On the whole, the Councils were of such an unusual character as to maintain one's keenest interest right through, and I, with others, was all keyed up.

Let us have some more like them. What say all of us?—G. F. Hollande, Major.

YOUNG PEOPLES' ANNUAL

The COMMISSIONER
has decided that

SUNDAY, DEC. 14th.

Shall be observed throughout the Territory as

Y. P. ANNUAL SUNDAY

desire and faith for their future usefulness in the service of needy bodies and souls.

Among the most interested visitors on this occasion was Adjutant Wigle, Matron of the Hamilton Hospital, who, during her term as Matron at Bethesda, had a large share in the training of this 1930 Class.

Following the meeting a reception was held in the Young People's Hall.—Joseph Galway, Commandant.

WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

UNTRUTHFULNESS IN CHILDREN

LYING is usually of two types. The first is prompted by the desire of the child to avoid punishment for some misdemeanor; the second is the result of a highly developed imagination.

The parent who asks for the impossible, who fails to differentiate between deliberate disobedience and an easily made mistake, and who punishes both activities equally is liable to have children who lie. The defensive type of lying, which often tends to throw the blame on others, is usually the result of bad example, lack of frankness by parents, unfairness or harsh treatment.

The second type is found in all normal children at some time or other, and is due to the fact that the child lives in "The Land of Make-Believe." If the parent will realize how very real these imaginary folk and happenings are to the child, and interest himself in the goings and comings of those that are associated with the child in this game of pretend, the situation will ultimately take care of itself.

Children Can Be Saved

The Scriptures Offer Glowing Proof that the Faith of Christian Parents is Not Misplaced

"MAY parents pray confidently for their children's Salvation?" asks a mother, writing to the "Sunday School Times."

The Times' reply is unhesitating and definite, giving abundant proof from Holy Writ:

"Christian parents may indeed pray with unshaken confidence for the Salvation of their children," states the Times. "There is a precious line of promise running through the entire Bible which authorizes our faith for this. There are direct statements in the Scriptures concerning the Salvation of children in response to the faith of their parents. From the time when Noah was commanded of God, 'Come thou and all thy house into the ark' (Gen. 7:1), straight on through the Scriptures of the Old and the New Testament, it is plainly God's revealed purpose to save entire families, if the heads of the families will claim this in believing prayer."

"The shed blood of the sacrificed lamb, on the eve of the Israelites' exodus from Egypt, supports the belief. The parents were to tell the children, when they asked the meaning of this passover sacrifice, 'It is the sacrifice of the Lord's passover, who passed over the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt, when he smote the Egyptians, and delivered our houses.'"

"Rahab, who was saved from destruction in Jericho, and 'All her kindred,' is another proof, the scarlet thread being the token of deliverance."

"The Philippian jailer, too, who was saved with all his house, is further evidence of household Salvation."

HOME LEAGUE

ASSISTS YOUNG

HOW an alert Melbourne Home League helped to increase the Corps Company meeting attendance from sixty-five to three hundred, was related in an Officers' Congress Council by Mrs. Colonel Henry. The Corps Officer and a Home League Local did some intensive house-to-house visiting one day, to try and boost their Young People's Work. Repeatedly the request for the children's attendance at The Army was met by the reply: "The children have no suitable clothes."

"Well," said The Army folk, "if we supply your kiddies with Sunday clothes, will you send them to the meeting?" Consent was readily given.

Then the Home League got busy. They turned out some odds and ends, begged some second-hand garments and began to sew.

To such good purpose did they prosecute their voluntary task that the Company meeting grew to the amazing extent previously mentioned.

In many Canadian Corps, there are, we fear, Company meetings languishing and stagnant, simply for lack of this helping hand. A good idea is worthy of reproduction. The obvious moral is—"Go thou and—"

Do everything, think everything, say everything that will tend to soften your heart, for it is so easily hardened by a bitter thought, a hurtful word, or even by an expressive shrug of the shoulders. If you are wise, then, you will always think before you speak.

102!—AND STILL SMILING

Sister "Granny" Beare, of Cobourg, Passes Another Milestone

ON MONDAY, October 20th, a little cheerful woman celebrated her 102nd birthday. She is known to her comrades of Cobourg Corps as "Granny," an endearment which is short for Sister Mrs. Elizabeth Beare.

She has lived in Cobourg eighty-one



Sister Mrs. Beare

years, and when she crossed the sea from England the journey occupied nine weeks.

Mrs. Beare does not look to be as old as she is. The years may have left their lines on her face, her back may not be so straight as formerly, but "Granny" holds her head alertly as a girl and her hazel eyes are merry. She doesn't wear spectacles and she has little difficulty in hearing.

She attributes her fitness to hard work. At ten she went to work on a farm with her widowed mother and her sister. Her worn hands have never been idle since. Even to-day she loves to ply her knitting needles, although she lives with her daughter and has no need to work.

"Granny" joined The Army forty-seven years ago, and has been a loyal and hard-working Salvationist through all these years. She is ever ready to give her convincing and earnest testimony for the Master Whom she has faithfully served.

"War Cry" readers will join in congratulating "Granny," and pray that God will bless her.



The Hespeler Home Leaguers are all active workers in the Corps, being under the leadership of Secretary Mrs. D. Fowler, who has held this position for eight years

HOME LEAGUE FIXTURES

(FOR NOVEMBER)

Toronto East Division

Bedford Park—Mrs. Staff-Captain Ritchie, Thurs., 27th, 2.30
Byng Avenue—Mrs. Adjutant McBain, Wed., 19th, 2.30
Danforth—Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Saunders, Thurs., 27th, 2.30
East Toronto—Mrs. Staff-Captain Keith, Thurs., 13th, 2.30
Greenwood—Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Moore, Thurs., 27th, 8.00
Leaside—Mrs. Staff-Captain Porter, Thurs., 27th, 2.30
North Toronto—Mrs. Field-Major Parsons, Tues., 4th, 8.00
Parliament Street—Adjutant Bridge, Thurs., 6th, 8.00
Rhodes Avenue—Mrs. Ensign Keith, Tues., 18th, 2.30
Riverdale—Mrs. Adjutant McBain, Tues., 25th, 2.30
Todmorden—Mrs. Adjutant McBain, Thurs., 20th, 2.30
Whitby—Mrs. Major Ritchie, Thurs., 6th, 2.30
Woodbine—Mrs. Major Sparks, Wed., 12th, 2.30
Yorkville—Mrs. Field-Major McRae, Thurs., 27th, 2.30

Toronto West Division

Breck Avenue—Mrs. Ensign Tiffin, Wed., 19th, 2.30
Earls Court—Mrs. Staff-Captain Mundy, Thurs., 13th, 8.00
Fairbank—Mrs. Field-Major Hiscock, Wed., 12th, 2.30
Lisgar Street—Field-Major O'Neil, Thurs., 27th, 2.30

WIFELY ANGER WASTED

It was a matter of common report that the wife of Socrates was not as appreciative of her husband as were many of his friends, who were always eager for an opportunity to engage him in conversation. It is related that upon one occasion she lost patience with her husband, and with no little show of temper she berated him for some few minutes in the presence of a group of friends who were with him in front of their home. But Socrates' composure was not even ruffled by the harsh things she said. Whereupon, in exasperation, Xanthippe picked up a jar of water, and threw it upon the person of her philosophical husband. His only response was the whimsical sally: "So much thunder must needs produce a shower!"

Mount Dennis—Mrs. Field-Major Campbell, Wed., 19th, 2.30

Rowntree—Mrs. Adjutant Pollock, Wed., 26th, 2.00

Scarlett Plains—Mrs. Staff-Captain Snowden, Thurs., 6th, 2.30

Swansea—Mrs. Adjutant Ashby, Thurs., 13th, 2.30

Temple—Mrs. Brigadier Bloss, Tues., 18th, 8.00

Wychwood—Mrs. Staff-Captain Bunton, Wed., 12th, 2.30

Toronto—Mrs. Brigadier Calvert and Mrs. Ensign Wood, Thurs., 6th, 8.00

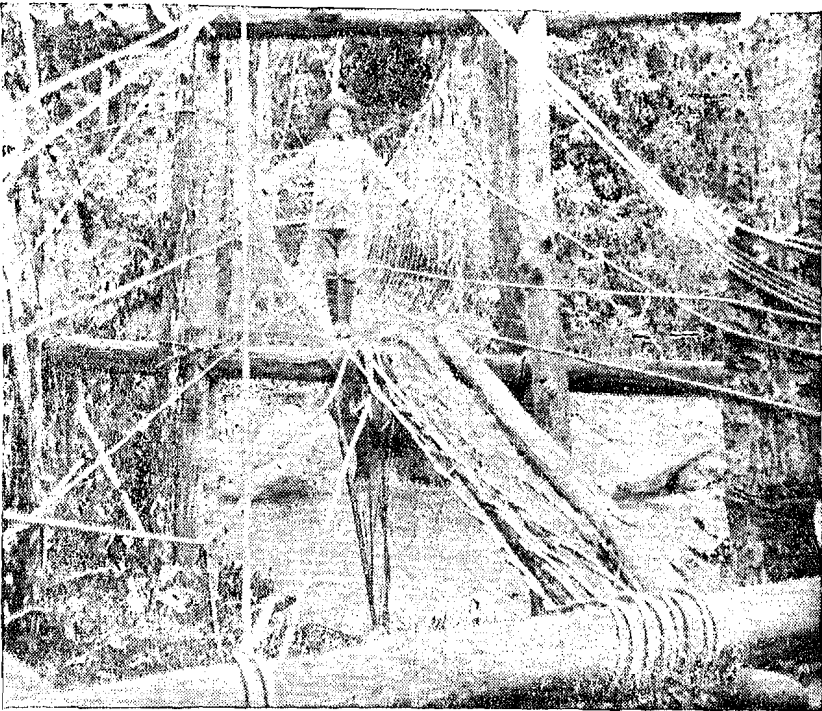
A JOKE OR AN EVIL?



SHOULD the "Sunday-dinner-evil" always be regarded as a joke? (asks the British "War Cry") Wives and mothers are kept from the Holiness meeting, Bandsmen are placed at an afternoon physical disability, Free-and-Easy meetings are made dull and drowsy hours by the convention of consuming huge dinners on Sundays!

Health, spirit, and service would benefit by an easy re-arrangement of household economy. Do you love your work for God enough to

PUT YOUR SUNDAY DINNER ON THE ALTAR?



Campaigning in Dutch East Indies. Lt.-Commissioner Palstra, the Territorial Commander, crossing the Rattan Bridge leading to Kantewoe, in the Celebes

BURDENS REMOVED IN BURMA

India, Wales, Burma, and China!—Cripple Aided—Grief-Stricken Woman Finds Jesus, Then Brings Her Husband and Grandchildren to The Army

A WOMAN, recently sworn-in by the Commanding Officer at Rangoon III, comes from a Hindu family. Her people wanted her to live a bad life, but she and her sister got in touch with our Rescue Home Officers, and as a result, got converted. She is sweet to look upon, and her character is beautiful. As she stood beneath our Flag, the translator on her left was a Burmese woman Soldier, the Commanding Officer was Webb, and the young woman holding the Flag was Chinese—all Salvationists, of four nationalities, in this little Burmese Corps.

Commandant Hood was recently able to help a young fellow in trouble. This young man had his hand cut off at work some time ago. His employer gave him about two dollars at the time, and a similar sum while in hospital. The poor fellow was in great distress, as he was his widowed mother's sole support. The Commandant saw the employer who refused to do anything further. The Commandant then got advice, with the result that last week the Court awarded the crippled young man Rs. 420 (\$155) as compensation.

While visiting in a home in Naung-chidank, a Burmese village, the Com-

mandant heard heart-rending cries from the next house. The Commandant enquired, and was told the daughter of the people had been murdered a few days before, and the mother was giving vent to her grief. She was comforted and invited to The Army meeting.

"I had chosen to speak," says the Commandant, "upon Christ in Gethsemane, using a large colored picture of the Saviour kneeling in prayer. When this woman heard the story of Gethsemane and the Cross, for the first time—though a strict Buddhist—she asked if we would pray to Jesus for her. We endeavored to make the way of Salvation clear, and, in intense grief, she confessed her sin, and found Jesus, and, with Him, the solace and Salvation she needed.

"A week later she brought her Buddhist husband to the meeting. He was eager to find, and found, the same kind of peace his wife testified she had. The three children of their murdered daughter now attend our meetings. The eldest, a lad, came to the Penitent-form and got saved recently. These people are now Salvation Army Soldiers, and are anxious to learn more of the Christian way and warfare."

SEEKERS IN VIENNA

Colonel Bower, the Chief Secretary, recently visited Vienna (Austria) and led the week-end meetings. Two of the Sunday's meetings were in the Open-air and the attitude of the crowds was most sympathetic. There were fifteen seekers during the day, and on the Tuesday, when Commissioner Friedrich arrived and conducted a United Soldiers' meeting, there were a further seventeen seekers.

Commissioner and Mrs. Friedrich have just returned from a Young People's Day held at Chemnitz, Saxony, where almost 200 young people met for the day, and 85 surrenders were made.

Since his appointment to the Command of Army activities in Latvia and Estonia, Lt.-Colonel Gordon Simpson has been granted an interview with the Home Secretary in Riga, thus establishing his first official contact with governmental authorities. The Colonel received indications of keen interest in The Army's work and promises of ready co-operation.

DESPITE SAND-STORM

Lt.-Colonel Madsen, Chief Secretary for Northern India, who recently visited two Criminal Tribes' Settlements, writes:

"The Young People impressed me very favorably . . . We may get some Officers from these villages in the near future. Travelling was exceedingly trying owing to the heat and a severe sandstorm. The Officers' Quarters were closed owing to the sandstorm, the temperature rising to 108 degrees.

"One of the meetings was held whilst the sandstorm was raging, in response to the appeals of the majority of the settlers. A number of young people came a mile through the storm to attend."

Colonel Mrs. Trounce recently conducted a Local Officers' meeting at Kakkamangalam, Southern India. A very fine body of men and women gathered. The hearty congregational singing was a pleasing feature, and at the close there were many seekers. Some of the enthusiastic veteran Locals had walked fourteen miles.

THE KALAWARA HEADMAN

Black Magic in the Stem of an Opium Pipe

THE Colony at Kalawara (Celebes) wears an air of extreme virtue. Its scores of houses, built from one plan, with the same color-scheme, at the same distance from the road, in the same sized gardens give sympathy of design.

The evident agricultural skill, attested by the long, straight rows of coconut trees, 8,000 or more, in the clearings around the village; the prosperous enclosures of maize crops, orderly growths of monkey-nut plants, and coffee beans; the healthy cleanliness of the animals forming The Army's herd of first-class cows, all combine to emphasize the contrast between Kalawara Colony and the jungle land of mid-Celebes.

Efficient management — Field-Major and Mrs. Veerenhuis, on furlough in Europe, are at present in charge — and the industry and conscious independence of the Colonists over a number of years, have contributed to make of this wild valley a beautiful garden.

Yet these people were not always industrious. Many reached the Colony through The Army's Beggar Colony at Semarang. The young on arrival are passed through three school classes, in which they study arithmetic, reading, writing, and singing. These and the older ones, if strong enough, learn the purpose of life and manly independence in the cultivation of the 3,000 acres of land comprising their Colony. The less robust care for the cattle, saw wood, and make furniture for the homes of the village, build houses, and bake tiles.

Pipe Burns Low

These three hundred villagers enjoy local government. Their village headman is a much-respected individual, but even the village headman was not always respected.

The Kalawara Headman had once owned a house and lands. In addition

to the occupation and interest with which these provided him, the foolish fellow indulged in the vice of opium-smoking. He could not keep his pipe and his lands, for the black magic in the stem of that pipe dissolved his worldly possessions. While he dreamed blissful paradisaical dreams, and the visions of his head deceived his heart, his lands fell to waste, his crops failed, his home was dispersed into thin air as regularly as the opium in his pipe burned low.

When Salvationists found him he was lying in the gutter, with one complaint against creation—that he had no money for more opium.

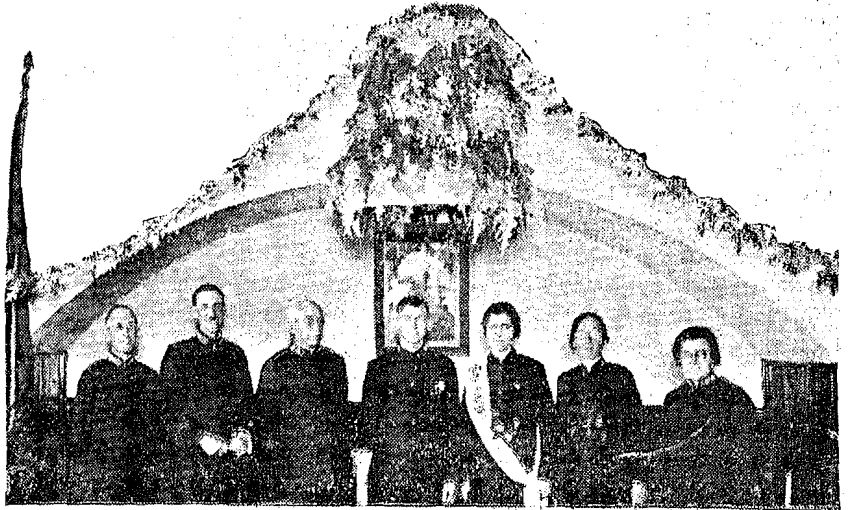
What his aching head and dwindling fortunes and fast-disappearing possessions had failed to do for him, life on the Kalawara Colony accomplished.

There he learned to live without the drug, to produce instead of dissipate, to know the meaning of life and duty to one's neighbor. Following his conversion he also learned to bear affliction bravely.

Like Untamed Animal

His greatest trial existed in the person of his wife, whose mental instability made life most difficult in spite of his love for her. When she used to kick and bite him in her frenzies, he would drive her into the bush like an untamed animal. Now he talks to her of Jesus who healed demoniacs and was grieved at any surrender to unrestrained passions, and he prays with her. Her desire to avoid grieving the Saviour has made her heart more peaceful and his affliction less heavy.

So great has been the change in the one-time opium fiend that his appointment as village head for Kalawara was warmly welcomed by his fellow-colonists, whose love and esteem he had won.



Canadian Missionary Officers married in Korea. Ensign Earl Harris, who hails from Verdun, and Captain Clarice Sparks, who entered the work from Saint John, being united in marriage in The Army Citadel, in Seoul, by Colonel Barr, the Territorial Commander, who is also well-known to Canada East comrades. Names: (left to right): Major Sylvester (General Secretary), Staff-Captain Smith (Training Garrison Principal), Colonel Barr, Ensign and Mrs. Harris, Ensign Hachler, who supported the bride, and Mrs. Major Sylvester

NEWS ITEMS from NEW ZEALAND

Most encouraging reports of soul-saving are to hand from the Social Institutions as well as the Field, in connection with the Special Spiritual Siege now being held.

The unemployment situation has been rather acute during the Winter months, and The Army is helping by providing emergency sleeping accommodation, free meals, and at two centres, soup kitchens. A government grant of £500 has been received for special relief in Wellington, and the

"Evening Post" has opened a fund, heading the list with a donation of £15.

Since Commissioner and Mrs. Cunningham's visit to Government House, Lord and Lady Bledislow have visited National Headquarters, the Young Women's Hostel and the Eventide Home. They were keenly interested and expressed surprise and satisfaction with the extent of The Army work in New Zealand and, following their visit, sent a personal donation.

AFRICA'S LAST GLIMPSE OF

THE GENERAL AND MRS. HIGGINS

Forty-Seven Days of Strenuous Physical Effort Amazes the Interested Onlookers

THE *Kenilworth Castle*, painted a delicate mauve with conspicuous scarlet funnels, glided from Capetown's spacious harbor at five o'clock on Friday evening, out upon the sunny, blue seas, flecked with lively white, and Salvationists and friends thronging the pierhead, caught their last glimpse of the General and Mrs. Higgins as they were standing on the upper deck. They still smiled their love, gratitude and thanksgiving, and anon we saw these two joined by their travelling companions, Commissioner Blowers, Colonel Pugmire and Major Taylor, and all five went on waving farewells to a land now represented for them by the city which, situated at the foot of the noble Table Mountain, lay spark-

were also memorable evening meetings, and in each case the Town Hall, with seating accommodation running into four figures, was said to be crowded as never before. A third feature of Paarl's welcome was an impressive procession through the main streets, General and Mrs. Higgins occupying an open car, and there being several floats illustrative, not only of Army activities, but of agricultural achievements in the locality.

Moreover at Capetown the General was entertained to luncheon on Monday by the University Club, and on Thursday by the Rotarians, while on Thursday evening, following a meeting with the Staff, over a cup of tea, the General visited the broadcasting station and told South Africa,



A trio of the drummers at the Mashona Congress

ling beneath the bluest of blue South African skies.

No part of the seven weeks' tour has been more strenuous than the last five days. First came the overflowing meeting in Capetown's huge City Hall, when the audience was completely subject to the General's simple, straightforward manly oratory. He spoke for an hour and a quarter, and never has his splendid voice been of fuller tone, nor has he ever put more fervor in the declaration of his abiding, anxious, supreme purpose which is to keep The Army steadfast in its old evangelical, Bible-rooted work of introducing sinning, suffering men and women to the Saviour from Whom alone they can derive pardon for the past, comfort in the present, and guidance throughout a future that need never end.

The next two days witnessed long runs by car, not only through smiling valleys, prosperous farms, fruit gardens, and vineyards, but across mountains that afforded lovely vistas of the distant country. These journeys introduced General and Mrs. Higgins to most cordial receptions by the Mayors and Councils, respectively, of Worcester, Paarl and Wellington.

At the two first-named cities there

through the ether, how greatly he appreciated the civic kindness everywhere shown to Mrs. Higgins and himself, and gratifying evidence was forthcoming on every hand of the extent to which municipal authorities were utilizing and valuing the co-operation of Army Officers and institutions.

The General's output of physical effort and energy during these past forty-seven days filled the onlookers with amazement, not unmixed with anxiety, but happily our two Leaders, as also the travelling companions, left these shores in perfect health and highest spirits. Of the General it has furthermore to be recorded that strain-fatigue notwithstanding, his facility for radiating kindness not for a moment has been interrupted.

It remains but to add that the tour has run with smoothness that reflects high credit on Commissioner and Mrs. DeGroot and their Staff.

The General says that he had been led to hope much, but has found more. With regard to the future, enlarged aspirations fill his own heart, and he has bidden his comrades of this great country to steadfastly remember that with God's help all things are possible.—Arthur E. Copping.

A "Dandy" Hall

THE COMMISSIONER

Opens New Hamilton IV Citadel—Mayor Brings City Council Greetings

"I declare this building open, to the glory of God and for the Salvation of the people!" The Commissioner's voice floated out on the frosty night air, on the evening of Oct. 25th, the day to which the comrades and friends of Hamilton IV had looked forward—the opening of their new Citadel. And a magnificent Citadel it is, standing in a thickly-populated district, and beyond a doubt enhancing the appearance and the prospects of the neighborhood. Well might one enthusiastic admirer exclaim "She certainly is a dandy, Flo!"

The Corps Band played, Major Wright read the wording on the corner stone, Colonel Adby invoked the blessing of God upon the opening exercises, the increasing crowd joined heartily in the Doxology, the Commissioner turned the key and the crowd passed out of the gathering gloom into the warm welcome of the well-lit Citadel.

Had those wide-opened doors been able to speak would they not have said: "That's right Commissioner, tell them all to come—the rich and poor, the saved and unsaved, the uplifted and the downcast—for there's hope for all who enter here"? Well, in they passed, quickly filling the building to capacity. What a crowd it was to be sure! The old veteran, scarred with many battles, his eye sparkling with the light of victory, was there, as also were the young, flushed with the courage and the hope of youth, the interested friends of The Army, and, of course, plenty of little ones who found their way to the front and were seated at the base of the Penitent-form.

A Sacred Occasion

The opening song, the dedicatory prayer, by Mrs. Hay, the charge to the Soldiers of the Corps by the Commissioner, the impressive Scripture reading, these all tended to make the occasion one of sanctity, as well as of great rejoicing.

Mayor Peebles brought the greetings of the City Council and assured the Commissioner that the representative citizens offered their admiration and appreciation of The Army's work in Hamilton. "It is encouraging to know," said His Worship, "that you will carry on a great work among the young here and teach them how to live. This work cannot be fully estimated." The Rev. Dr. C. Hewson, United Church, spoke at length of his love for The Army. His were words of greeting from the Church and they were warm and energizing to a degree. He particularly eulogized The Army's work among the poor of Hamilton.

The Band and Songsters helped the evening's success. And while the meeting progressed one little fellow, overcome by the warmth of the building, crawled under the Penitent-form to sleep, and, in spite of the Band's best efforts and all that followed, he remained impervious to it. Some smiled, but all understood. Who knows but in the days to come he will be reminded of the opening night and find rest of soul at that same bench! God grant that he may lead others to that Mercy-seat.

Lt-Colonel McAmmond, the Field Secretary, gave an inspiring message which had the desired effect. He was well received, for had he not been stationed in Hamilton as Corps Officer, Chancellor and Divisional Commander, and now returned as Field Secretary?

The Commissioner was assisted throughout by Colonel Adby, who remained at the Corps for a Ten-Day Campaign. We bespeak for him a time of unprecedented blessing. The Corps Officers, Adjutant and Mrs. Robinson, with their hard-working comrades, are in for a great time this Winter.—T.M.

WAR CRY

COMMISSIONER JAMES HAY, Territorial Commander.

James and Albert Sts., Toronto, Ont.

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada East and Newfoundland, by The Salvation Army Printing House, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christmas issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.50, prepaid.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

APPOINTMENTS—

COLONEL WM. MOREHEN, to be Territorial Spiritual Special.

LT.-COLONEL D. McAMMOND, to be Field Secretary.

BRIGADIER T. BURTON, to be Divisional Commander, Toronto West Division.

BRIGADIER A. BRISTOW, to be Divisional Commander, Ottawa Division.

STAFF-CAPTAIN G. WILSON, to be Divisional Commander, Sydney Division.

JAMES HAY,

Territorial Commander.

MEMORIES!

Twelfth Anniversary of the Armistice Provokes Remembrances Which Should Help Us To-day

THE YEARS pass steadily by; how steadily, how swiftly, some will say, the recurring anniversaries serve to show. This as to individuals, but how much more weightily impressive when the occasion is national, even international.

Armistice Day draws near; Nov. 11th will bring with it the twelfth celebration of the coming of hearts' ease after the years of the stress of the Great War. In the silence which will usher in the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month—type of that quietude which came to the world on that glad day—tears will flow afresh for losses which can never be made good in this world; hearts will thrill anew by the keen recollection of deeds, of hours, of happenings, thought of which can never die while consciousness endures; vows will be recalled—and some will be seen to be unperformed, even yet; gratitude will surge again and God will be praised.

Sentiment, any amount of it, will be circulating in word and thought, but how to utilize the occasion most worthily will be the chief concern of the Salvationist. The tolling of the town clock, eleven slow clangings, amid the voiceless silence of the crowd, will go echoing over the city, the town, the village, the hamlet, so suddenly stilled mid-stride in its bustle.

Then the sigh from the whole community will show that the two minutes for memory are passed; the stirring, the resuming of headgear, the rumble of wheels once more, and life, which has scant room for sentiment, will flow on.

How can we spend twelve months, less two minutes, in forgetting? Ah, many do not, can not! But when we remember, to what purpose do we devote the stirring memories? Let our frontispiece picture help to stimulate a thought from which worthwhile action may come forth.

There is as grave need as ever there was for men (women, too), who will stand by the colors; stand though the price they have to pay for it be extreme . . . even uttermost. The causes calling for such service are ever before those who have eyes to see. The colors, symbolizing undying principles, float overhead with challenge issuing from every flutter they make in the buffeting wind of circumstance.

"For the Cross, the Colors and the Kingdom there are many waiting to be won," we sometimes sing, from

(Continued on page 12)

Getting Ready for the Great Annual Campaign?

How Do You Measure Up?

"The Salvation Army was Designed to Re-Introduce Christianity—Awake, Virile and Earnest," says The Territorial Commander, in the course of this Article, which should be read with Studious Interest

BY THE COMMISSIONER

IN PREPARING for the Great Campaign, which commences in full strength on January 1st, there are some important lessons for us in that wonderful message of the Lord's forerunner: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make His paths straight." I hope our comrades of all ranks will take this to heart, for if a Campaign of this dimension, an effort of this character, is to be a success, there must be very considerable preparation of the heart, of the mind, of the sympathies and affections, and of all our consecrated powers.

Make straight the crooked, smooth the rugged ground;

*Prepare a passage, form it plain and broad,
And through the desert make a highway for our God.*

All great works of spiritual reform are ordinarily preceded by preparation of both heart and mind. John's was the supreme example.

Forerunners

Our Lord's forerunner was expected to act in this way, and he did so in a manner unique and effective. It is opportune to think of those events immediately preceding our Lord's advent, because of the preparation work we also must undertake in leading the people to God and winning them for righteousness. I do not think I am too extravagant in my suggestions with regard to The Army; but I have a feeling in my heart that, in the plan of God, The Salvation Army was designed to be a great preparer for revival—a great preparer to save the world from giving up Christianity—a great preparer to keep the positive cardinal and central truths of Christianity to the front, and to re-introduce Christianity—awake, virile, and earnest. God, I believe, had that in His mind when He called this Organization into being. How far you and I are answering that purpose is a great question I must ask myself; you must ask yourself; and I hope that Salvationists generally will have sufficient concern about the Kingdom of God to inquire, "If I was intended as one of this great Army of preparers—to make the way straight for the Lord—am I answering God's plans?"

Do Your Duty

We know something of the wonderful work of John the Baptist—his remarkable birth, the awe-inspiring visitation of God to Zacharias, his unbelief, the remarkable answer that came to him when he did believe, the character of John's teaching, the sharpness of his sword, the high flame of his torch, his unconcern as to whether he was pleasing the people or displeasing them, and his utter indifference to the established religion of his day. He simply took no notice of the supposed authority of the priests, but he went on burning and flaming, and flashing and teaching, and bringing down mountains and exalting valleys, and making a way whereby our Lord would be—I say it in the proper sense—very likely to succeed with His mission. In the plan of God, great and wonderful as it was, and in the great office of our Saviour—almighty though He was—apparently He could not come until some one definitely went before Him, and became a kind of herald, to make the people understand, "Now it is coming to pass at last. What the prophets said is actually going to be realized. The expectations which the most devout of you have in your minds with regard to the Messiah you can indulge in now, because He is coming, and I am appointed to show you some of the teaching He is going to give you."

Good Fruit

Good teaching must produce good fruit. I must hearten myself by that. There were quite a number of people who rejoiced at the teaching of John the Baptist, and who, to some extent, followed him. He had his disciples and followers, believers in the faith and teaching that he was sent to propagate; but he had enemies. Are you not glad he had enemies? If every good man could get all the bad people to agree with him, all the vicious, lustful, worldly, selfish people to accept it all, and say, "I believe it all," and yet go on with their

sins just the same, that would be terrible. That is one of the distresses The Salvation Army has to struggle with. Many people like our meetings, but like their sins as well. They like our singing, but they like their own selfish way as well. They like the comradeship and friendship of The Army, but they like theatres and folly as well.

It was so with the hearers of John the Baptist; they were divided about Him—questioning, speculative—wondering in their minds as to what the issue of it all would be. So it will be for each of us, individually, in the work we are going to do in preparing the world for Christ. Let me mention one or two things we are expected to do, for even though we be only as "a voice crying in the wilderness," nevertheless we must give out the message, the warning against sin.

We must prepare the world by teaching the great fundamental truths of Christianity. I wish we all took a little more notice of these truths—the great saving truths. You cannot teach these by picking up an odd fragment of Scripture. You have to dip deep into the well of truth to bring up your supplies, and use them unsparingly. Salvationists, I believe, have a great deal of heavy responsibility there, and I hope we are waking up to it.

Remember the Young

We must prepare the Lord's way by doing more for the young. The Devil is having a lot of his own way. Do not forget that children's work, greatly increasing with us, is threatened by all manner of evils at the present day, and that unless Christ's Kingdom is replete and furnished with vigorous workers, the challenger will win, and the challenged will fail.

Recently, I was concerned about some thirty boys in the streets—the character of their language, the manner of their greetings to each other, their unchaste behavior generally, the unclean words they freely used—probably not one of them was over fifteen years of age! What a struggle Canada is going to have with her young! True, our Young People's work is coming on, and many good folk are engaged in it, but do we sufficiently realize the fact that all the work, or a large portion of it, is likely to be lost if we do not do better? It is a bag with holes in it, if we stop short of conversion, because generally religious information without conversion has little grip on the young people who have finished with the Sunday School. We have to prepare the Lord's way by teaching and guiding the young, and pressing Salvation from sin and worldliness, and it may even be that the fact of preparation is to affect the workers quite as much as the young people. Surely, the leader must be exemplary, else all is lost!

I look upon it with some little satisfaction that, during recent years, our children's work has improved. Not only have we more buildings—we have spent much on new buildings—but we have more workers willing to do the work, and they are better fitted generally. I believe that many of our Guards are feeling that they cannot go to the children unless they have heart and mind furnished. These boys and girls have minds to think and inquire. Our workers and teachers must be equal to the problems setting up in these plastic and hopeful young souls. It is some satisfaction to think that we have made a little progress in that way in every part of the Territory.

Lift Him Up!

We are to prepare the way of the Lord by extolling Him. You know the idea of it. It has the suggestion of "boosting," as we say. You have to put His name higher up, so that people cannot miss seeing Him, cannot help feeling that He is about. When a soldier walks along we remember that he has the credit or the honor of his king, country, and nation in his clothes. He feels everything that is against that credit; he is prepared to get his back up against it. He is in the spirit of contention. "Did you say something about my country? What was it? Did you say something about my king? Say it again! You must remember, I am on that side." If we could get that attitude in Christian people a little more vigorously it would help not a little to prepare the Lord's way.

We have to prepare the way of the Lord by denouncing sin. One of the sad things about much of the religion that is about is that it bites poorly, very often as if it had only gums, and poor at that. Even if it has teeth they are very poor—they cannot do any tearing, they have no power. Religion is frequently very feeble, very faint, in that way. The great herald, John, said and did things that impressed his age, and for centuries thereafter. Remember John and Herod. John smote and smote again until they asked, "What shall we do?"

Manifest the Light

There is much that must be denounced; many mountains of vice and rottenness which must be brought low. We have to prepare the way of the Lord by manifesting the light where there is darkness, and, by choice, ask God to give us darkness if He will, that we may go on ahead and flash the light. So many Christian people want things nice. Some Salvationists, indeed, want big Corps, nice Bands, comfortable, commodious buildings. "Don't ask me," they say, "to join a little Corps, where there is no Band; I would rather be in the other. Don't ask me to go to a trying place." Let us choose a place that is dark in order that we may let our light shine. Surely you will prepare some more hearts for Jesus thereby!

We have to prepare the way of the Lord by insisting upon the Divine will being heard. If you think people know all about the Bible, you are greatly mistaken; if you think they understand the Gospel you are in error, and should change your position quickly; if you think they have a proper conception of what the Divine will is, I believe you are grossly mistaken. Insist on the Divine Will being heard; make people hear it. Thank God, we have tongues in this country. I think the Lord ought to have all the advantage of the freedom we enjoy—the freedom of speech—the abandon of style. Look at the children in a children's "go" in Canada; are they not splendid? The adults are like it in many respects, until it comes to the question of doing something heroic in pushing in the Divine will, then, alas! so many allow their ardor to die and their zeal to burn low. This is doubly sad when we remember enthusiasm is necessary to spread the truth about sin and the whole truth about deliverance.

Perpetual Campaigning

Let us prepare the way of the Lord by having more Salvation Campaigns. Do we need them? Yes, greatly! This country needs great and continuous aggressive efforts to reach the unconverted.

Prepare the way of the Lord by making the family altar a bigger fact. "Oh," say some Salvationists, "I cannot do it; I have to go out in the morning—leave at seven." In regard to family prayers, I have lived long enough, and touched Salvationists and others enough to know that if you have your mind made up you will do it, no matter what the circumstances are. If you cannot have it in the morning you will have it at midday; if you cannot have it at midday you will have it at night. Try to bring it in somewhere; it will be a great benediction to the young people. Think of the terrible loss it will be to them to reflect, when they reach forty or fifty years of age, and you are all gone—"My father or mother did not do any reading of the Bible or praying with us."

Prepare the Lord's way by abstaining from worldliness, by refusing to be half-and-half. The Lord's victories are limited by His people, His fullness of shining made less effective by the indifference of His professed followers; His great converting, sanctifying operations might be increased ten-fold if only we would "come out and be separate," and do our part. Will you do your part? Now is the time to decide that nothing shall hinder you. The joy of preparing the Lord's way is unspeakable, and you will know it when He begins to work.

*I see Him on the road . . . I am sufficed,
He is the Lamb of God, He is the Christ.*

THE TEARS ON THE SNOW

A Short Sequel to our "Mother Florence" Serial



CHAPTER II—Salvation

(Continued from last week)

YES, whiskey she must have. She was cold, cold, shuddering cold, shivering cold, and her eyes nearly burning into her head. Up and down King Street she wandered, trying to find someone like herself—a wretched drunkard—who could tell her where she could get some whiskey. Oh, Pollie, fallen so low!

With hair uncombed, with chattering teeth, and trembling shoulders huddled together, filthy, dirty, drizzle-tailed, she went limping and slouching along through the wet snow, through the silent streets on God's sweet day.

By and by the churchgoers began to pass her. Oh, how they seemed to stare at her, and how she longed to get out of sight, to creep into any old stable—anywhere.

At last she got on to Chestnut Street—in old Toronto, you understand. What was that she could hear? It was just The Army drum that some people have despised so much, and that does get on to their nerves. Lifting up her drink-bleared eyes she saw a little group of Soldiers standing in the snow, telling out the story of Jesus. Praise God!

Pollie heard them, and slunk a little nearer, and as she heard them, thoughts went like arrows through her soul. She would like to go to The Army Citadel, but no, she could not in that awful state of filth and untidiness. But the quick eye of the Captain had caught sight of her, and her heart was full of pity.

Then Pollie almost turned and ran, for she felt she must get away from them. She walked to another street, and there she met a man as wretched-looking as herself. So she went up to him and asked him where she could get some whiskey.

"Well," he said, as steadily as he could, for he was already more than half drunk himself, "you're a pretty sight, anyhow."

"Oh," gasped Pollie, "I'm sick—been drunk."

"Then I pity thee, my woman. Got any money?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, I can't go with thee, or the police will have me, but go along three streets, and the next street." He gave her a long description, and she hurried off to get her whiskey at last. But who should come marching once more in front of her but The Salvation Army. Then the Captain stopped her.

"Come with me," she pleaded, but Pollie said, "Not now."

"Come," she said, more earnestly. "No," said Pollie, with downcast face.

Pollie's Heart Broke

"Come with me," she urged for the third time, but Pollie gasped, "No," as hard as she could. When Pollie said, "No," the third time, the Captain began to cry, her tears falling on the snow at their feet. The sight of those tears on the snow broke Pollie's heart, and she thought, "Can a stranger feel like this for me?" It seemed as if a melody sprang up in her soul.

But still the whiskey was calling her. So she said, "I'll come by and by."

"Will you?" said Captain.

"Yes, I will," promised she.

The march went along to the Citadel and Pollie sped on for her whiskey. But her heart was "all of a quiver." On she went, and found the very place, and stepped down the stone

steps to the door. But she could not go in, for she fancied she saw the Captain's tears melting the snow for her, and she cried, "Lord, save me."

She was afraid she might drop dead. Something within made her turn and go right back to the little Hall. Then she crept inside and sat down behind the door and sat shivering in her wet cloak, with the cruel whiskey thirst torturing her still.

Trembling and praying, Pollie crept forward for a few seats, pushed onward by some power within her that was stronger than the choking thirst for whiskey—stronger than her own will—it was the power of the Holy Spirit. She crouched down in the seat, trying to shrink away from herself and everybody, and even from God, too, but she could not.

The Captain saw her at once, and oh, how she was praying in her heart for her whilst they talked about how no drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven.

Then God carried her thoughts back again, and brought her past life before her. All the years since she was a darling, petted child. He made her look and see how sin, SIN, had followed her all the way and spoiled her life, and had brought her to the very gates of hell.



"I pity thee, woman!"

She saw all her sins—as we shall see ours on the Judgment Day, unless they have been forgiven—one after another, until there seemed to be mountains on mountains of them ever since the day when she first stole her mother's sugar-plums from the little store.

It cut her heart. She tried to get up and rush away out of the little Hall, and forget. But she could not. God would not let her. She could not walk, and still her sins kept rising and rising till they seemed likely to swamp her.

Then at last the Captain gave the invitation to the Penitent-form. Again Pollie rose, and the spell that had been keeping her fast to her seat broke and she rushed forward and fell down sobbing, as many thousands have done before and since—fell down with her filth, sin, drink, tears and misery—fell at the feet of Jesus.

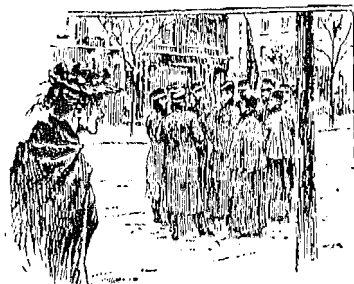
Oh, how she cried for mercy! How she sobbed and sobbed, whilst the Captain and the Soldiers knelt around her.

"That's it, dear, sob away." The Captain knew how she felt, and she prayed, "Make a thorough job of it, Lord!"

It seemed as if Pollie never would

cease crying, and she mopped her tears off the Penitent-form, they fell so fast. Then, as they talked of Jesus, she felt the burden of her sin lifting. She looked around the Hall; it seemed big and so different. Then Jesus stepped into her empty heart. He came back to her, and when He came, all the desire for the whiskey left her—left her for ever.

She prayed, "Lord use me for Yourself!" Then the thing was, what to do next?



Pollie slunk nearer

It is easily understood that although the Lord had given her a clean heart, though He had taken away the selfish, whiskey-loving spirit that was so hard and so bitter, and had put in its place a new, soft, grateful, humble, loving spirit, yet, to outward appearance, she was the same drizzle-tailed, mud-bespattered Pollie. Her face was all swollen with the scalding tears she had shed.

But there was new life in her all the same, only she was very, very weak, almost as weak in her soul as when she lay a trembling, tiny baby on a pillow, in her tender mother's arms. She needed a great deal of helping and care, and, thank God, she found it in The Salvation Army.

Home With the Officers

The morning meeting was over and Pollie remembered she had no home to go to; no friends she could ask for help, no money. Then the dear Captain took her arm and said, "Come home to dinner with me to the Quarters; we have enough and to spare." And Pollie went as thankfully as a little child.

When they came near the door, the Lieutenant opened it with a beaming face, and greeted the Captain—"You've had souls this morning, Captain, I'm sure you have." "Yes, and I've one here with me now."

Then the Lieutenant drew her in (We wonder who were these Officers, Ed.) and said she must feel as if she were at home; and when she was washed and combed and made a little tidier they said, "Now come and sit by the fire while we get you a cup of tea."

So in the bright, neat little Quarters, with its warmth and cheerfulness, Pollie felt that her heart was very light, although her head was terribly heavy with all she had gone through. All day she stayed with the Captain, singing and speaking in the afternoon meeting, then back to tea, and then again to the Hall at night.

Now, by the end of the Prayer-meeting, Pollie began to think she really had nowhere to sleep that cold night and she started wondering whatever she should do and began to be very troubled about it when she felt a little touch on her shoulder and saw an Officer standing beside her.

"You have nowhere to sleep tonight, have you?"

"No," said Pollie.

"You can come along with me. Come now."

Oh, the dear little home. The one of which we told in our "Mother Florence" story. Pollie is not the only one who even to this day loves

the memory of it. They tramped through the snow till they came to the door and there stood dear old Mother Florence, just as rosy and shining as could be.

"Welcome to our little Home, dear," said she, with all the warmth of her motherly Salvation nature.

So she went in and slept till late in the morning. She got up wondering and feeling very weak and sick, but happy in her soul. She felt she wanted to work for God. So for a time she stayed on in that little Home. Then when she was better, somebody found work for her in the kitchen attached to the Toronto Headquarters and there she plodded on, loving her Blessed Lord more and more, although she had some pretty stiff conflicts, as will all who follow Christ.

After she had been working at the Headquarters' kitchen for some months, when the Commissioner had watched her and believed that her Salvation was real and true, and that her heart was set on working for God in The Army, he gave her "forms" to fill up for the Field.

Pollie trembled and said, "I am not worthy; I cannot." She felt her own littleness so much and remembered with so much shame the life she had led. But the Commissioner said, "Pray about it. God will make you worthy."

And of how she went to the Train-



"Welcome to our little home, dear"

ing Home, and of how she toiled for God in The Army, and of how she told thousands of people of her conquering Jesus, and of how hundreds of souls have been won by her testimony and her sanctified life, we cannot tell you now, but Glory to Jesus for ever!

(The end)

R-101 TRIBUTE

"Should Not Be Overlooked"

The following letter of appreciation appeared in the Hamilton "Herald" and refers to the Hamilton I Band:

"It was not without emotion last Sunday evening that those in the vicinity of the City Hall heard again the ever-awe-inspiring strains of the Dead March in 'Saul,' played as a tribute to the R-101 victims, and they stood quietly and reverently at attention while the full-piece Band of The Salvation Army passed by, followed in truly military formation by their adherents.

"It appeared to some of us who witnessed this spontaneous tribute to our countrymen, our Dominion and our flag to be a little something that should not be overlooked."—Arthur E. Reading.

ORILLIA (Commandant and Mrs. White)—Good crowds attended our meetings on Sunday. Several souls were under conviction at night. The Soldiers' meetings are of great inspiration and are well attended. William Wisheart.

FOR BANDSMEN AND SONGSTERS

THE MUSIC EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

A Review of its History, Work, and Scope of Influence

By the Editor of "The Bandsman and Songster"

(Continued from last week)

WE PROMISED in the last chapter to say something this week about the more outstanding faults of young and inexperienced composers, as revealed by the manuscripts that are continually finding their way to the Music Editorial Department.

This is an important point and should engage the close and earnest attention of all embryo composers and song-writers.

Lt.-Colonel Hawkes, in the course of many years of close and critical study of brass band scores and songs from Army contributors, has been enabled to tabulate, so to speak, the pitfalls into which beginners most frequently fall and he has been good enough to let us share the fruits of his experience.

"There is, very obviously," confides the Colonel, "a serious lack of self-criticism revealed in the manuscripts that come to hand; often we are told the effort is the outcome of inspiration, and yet, when we come dispassionately and fairly to judge the work, we find the material, not infrequently, of the commonest order; sometimes containing quotations from compositions already in existence!"

"Contributors are inclined to be in too great a hurry to dispatch an original effort. A closer and more thoughtful examination of their work would reveal to them faults and weaknesses not apparent at first. Rigid self-criticism is essential.

Wide of Mark

"The choice of suitability of subject, from an 'Army' as well as a musical standpoint, is another matter on which many fail. Some writers go to a great deal of trouble in gathering material for a march or a selection, but their effort is wide of The Army's mark, which is, and must ever be, a type of music with a spiritual or soul-saving purpose behind it.

"Any one would imagine, for instance, a set of florid variations based

upon such a subject as 'Death is coming,' to be obviously out of place, and yet choices, equally inappropriate, have been made. In such cases it is evident that the words have been overlooked, and the music only considered, whereas, to the majority of Salvationists, the words are inseparably linked up with the music.

"We find," adds the Colonel, "that even when the subject is suitable, contributors, in some cases, do not keep to their 'text,' but wander off on foreign and irrelevant by-paths, that baulk both point and serviceability.

"And associated with this fault is the want of experience in handling the ideas that come to them, and of developing them to a logical conclusion.

"Then, many scores and songs reveal a sad lack of real invention, but this, perhaps, is a weakness for which there is no cure.

Carelessness Alarming

"Again, not a few beginners show in their work a good idea of harmony and counterpoint, but their knowledge of brass band scoring—which is, of course, a specialized medium—is very deficient; other MSS. reveal faults in melodic construction, harmony and counterpoint.

"But perhaps the most common error made by beginners is that which is concerned with the important subject of calligraphy, or the writing of music. The carelessness shown in this matter is rather alarming."

It was this last fact, we imagine, that led the Colonel some years ago to write a book on the subject of "Musical Calligraphy." Certainly it is just the sort of book for students, copyists, composers, and arrangers. And we might add that incalculable time and trouble have been saved, both by composers and the Editors, as a result of its publication and use. Every would-be contributor, before submitting an initial effort for Edit-

orial consideration, should secure a copy of this work.

It lies at our elbow as we write. Let us quote from the little volume:

"Among the variety of manuscripts that are sent to the Music Editorial Department are a great number that bear eloquent testimony to the need of some help and guidance in the writing of music.

"Finally, there is the matter of manuscript paper. Some contributions are written on improvised and utterly unsuitable paper—in some cases mere scraps—and of the poorest quality, which causes the ink to spread as on blotting paper."

Much more, of course, might be said concerning the correct writing of music, for it is of great importance, but let the foregoing suffice for the moment.

We cannot pass from the subject, however, without stating that some of our Army music writers have attained a fluency, a neatness, and an exactitude that is quite remarkable, and eminently commendable.

Beautiful Workmanship

We had the opportunity of closely studying, from a calligraphical standpoint, a whole collection of brass band scores, and the beautiful workmanship displayed in some was a treat to the eye. In this connection, apart from members of the Editorial Staff, the names of Bandmaster Erik Leiden, of the U.S.A., the late Deputy-Bandmaster Willie Carroll, of Winnipeg, Bandmaster Scotney, of New Zealand, Bandmaster Woods, of Sunderland VII, Bandmaster Mountain, of Sheffield Citadel, and Adjutant Broughton, of the U.S.A., deserve mention.



Speaking from a Music Editorial standpoint, it would wonderfully assist the staff if scores and instrumental parts, also songs, were more neatly and correctly written. It would save much time and labor.

The only purpose in the mind of Lt.-Colonel Hawkes in pointing out these weaknesses is to enable beginners to steer clear of the danger-lines and to better equip them for getting their MSS. successfully passed for publication by the Music Board.

(To be continued)

MUSICAL DYNAMICS

By Captain Stanley Sheppard

(Solo Cornetist, Territorial Staff Band)

THE old idea that a tune correctly fingered and the tones produced loudly is sufficient for Army use is long since obsolete. There must be a true and proper rendition of the melody if the student is to properly grow in the knowledge of his instrument, and its capacity to satisfy the critical ear of the musician, as also to effect the best results.

If we have consecrated our lives and talents to God let us develop to the utmost degree of perfection those talents for His honor and glory. This means attention to the marks or dynamics of music when music is involved. With rare exceptions, when German terminology is used, practically all musical dynamics are in the Italian language. The observance of these makes all the difference between a band of blowers and a band of musicians. The band that learns by individual practise to observe all the marks of music soon learns to produce the most effective ensemble work, and this is the final goal of all Salvation Army brass instrument playing. There is a real and vital difference between a *p* and *mf* mark, and as the volume increases to *f* and then to *ff* and lastly to the big ponderous *fff* we soon learn that five or six degrees of volume call for a very close attention to musical dynamics if we are to contribute our true proportion to the band's volume of tone.

Consider the harm done to a beautiful selection constructed to reach the heart and soul of the sinner in an Army meeting by the inattention to dynamics on the part of a thoughtless instrumentalist, who suddenly blasts out a *ff* when the entire ensemble is playing *pp*. The good effect is destroyed and the delinquent performer has spoiled his own work and standing.

No Bandsman can call himself a musician who fails to recognize the fact that no matter how clever his execution and rapid his tonguing, or how fast he is able to read the notes he has utterly failed to faithfully interpret the composer's musical ideas if he has neglected the dynamics of the score. If the student will purchase a standard musical dictionary and also get a standard book of instruction and make a sincere study of these he will find the expense and effort worth while.



The veteran finds great joy in helping "the young idea"

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Saturday, FestivalSunday, Thanksgiving Services
Conducted by Lt.-Colonel F. SaundersMonday, 10.30 a.m., Cenotaph Service
" 7.30 p.m., Final Festival

HUNGARIAN CONGRESS

Led by
COMMISSIONER SOWTON

A great crowd of Officers and Soldiers welcomed Commissioner Sowton, who was accompanied by Colonel and Mrs. Nielsen, on his arrival at Budapest.

The opening gathering of the Congress, held in The Army's Central Hall (Budapest III Corps), for Soldiers and Recruits, was cheery and enthusiastic in character.

As at the Prague Congress, which the Commissioner conducted a few days previously, the General's message was an inspiring feature, evoking great delight and assurances of loyalty to The Army, increased devotion to its work in the Territories concerned, and of affectionate regard for the General himself.

Following the Commissioner's rousing address, twenty-eight comrades consecrated themselves afresh to God, and backsliders were restored.

Following the Holiness meeting on Sunday morning, the afternoon hours were occupied with a march to Barossiget Park and a gathering therein. Thousands of people always crowd to this popular resort, and gratifying attention was accorded the message.

ARMY LOSSES

News is to hand of the promotion to Glory of Lt.-Colonel Alma Forsblom, who was called Home while making a railway journey in Finland. The Colonel was the oldest Officer in that country, in which she had been a pioneer, having been closely associated with Brigadier Hedwig von Haartman, who commenced Army operations in Finland.

A great loss to The Army's medical work in Japan is also made known in the news of the promotion to Glory of Dr. Matsuda, the well-known Superintendent of the Hospital and the William Booth Memorial Sanatorium in Tokyo. The doctor was appointed a member of the Order of the Founder in recognition of his notable services in the interests of the suffering of his country.

Word to hand from Canada West, acquaints us with the fact that Mrs. Commandant Marsland passed to her Reward on Sunday, October 19th, at Port Arthur, Ontario. Mrs. Marsland will be remembered by many in this Territory before her marriage, as Captain Crowell, who entered the Work from Dartmouth, N.S. The departed comrade had been in ill-health for some years. May God support and strengthen the Commandant.

The father of Field-Major Square-briggs, of Lippincott, has passed away at Bridgetown, Prince Edward Island, the "days of his pilgrimage" being ninety years. Mr. Square-briggs was a staunch friend of The Army, and kindest sympathy is extended to the Major in his loss.

Send Them a Christmas Card:

You are sending off your Christmas Cards? Then be sure your mail includes greetings to Canadian Officers on Missionary Service. They will be thinking of home on Christmas morn, and will watch for the homeland mail. Make sure of correct postage. Here are the addresses:—

MAJOR WILLIAM ADAMS, Salvation Army Headquarters, 101 Queen Street, Port of Spain, Trinidad, British West Indies.

MRS. MAJOR HILL, P.O. Box 181, Bridgetown, Barbadoes, B. West Indies.

MAJOR WM. LEWIS, Salvation Army, Broadway, Madras, India.

MRS. MAJOR MAXWELL, Salvation Army Boys' Home, Adda, Gold Coast, West Africa.

STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. LITTLE, Corner North Parade, Upper King Street, Kingston, Jamaica.

STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. CONDIE, 101 Queen Street, Port of Spain, Trinidad, British West Indies.

STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. EDWARDS, Muktipur Colony, Post Barejo, S. Daskroi, Gujerat, India.

STAFF-CAPTAIN GREGORY, Territorial Headquarters, 101 Queen Street, Port of Spain, Trinidad, British West Indies.

STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. SOLOMON SMITH, Bareilly Depot, Criminal Tribes Industries, Bareilly, U.P. India.

COMMANDANT HOOD, 37 Dhurrumtolla Street, Calcutta, India.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. ASHBY, Salvation Army, P.O. Box 320, Accra, Gold Coast, West Africa.

ADJUTANT MABEL BELL, Salvation Army Headquarters, Union Place, Colombo, Ceylon.

ADJUTANT BETTS, Box 575, Nairobi, Kenya, East Africa.

ADJUTANT ALICE BOBBITT, 37 Dhurrumtolla Street, Calcutta, India.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. EACOTT, 71 Morrison Street, Peiping, China.

ADJUTANT FAIRHURST, Box 575, Nairobi, Kenya, East Africa.

MRS. ADJUTANT LITTLER, Salvation Army, 71 Morrison Street, Peiping, China.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. McTAVISH, Salvation Army, 2 Sudder Street, Calcutta, India.

ADJUTANT MARGARET MORRIS, Women's Training Garrison, Nagercoil, S. Travancore, South India.

ADJUTANT CHARLES POCOCK, 76 Rue De Rome, Paris 8E., France.

ENSIGN AND MRS. BOWERS, Salvation Army Boys' School, Box 14, Ebute, Metta, Nigeria, West Africa.

MRS. ENSIGN BOYDEN, 173 Lower Circular Road, Calcutta, India.

ENSIGN IRENE BROWN, Girls' Industrial School, Nellore, Madras Presidency, South India.

ENSIGN AND MRS. A. CHURCH, William Booth Memorial Institute, Private Bag, Hobane, Natal, South Africa.

ENSIGN MAGGIE EDWARDS, Salvation Army Headquarters, 71 Morrison Street, Peiping, China.

ENSIGN AND MRS. EVENDEN, Territorial Headquarters, Salvation Army, 71 Morrison Street, Peiping, China.

ENSIGN AND MRS. B. WELBOURN, Salvation Army, Koo Sei Goon, Seoul, Korea.

ENSIGN AND MRS. O. WELBOURN, 71 Morrison Street, Peiping, China.

ENSIGN AGNES WILLERTON, Salvation Army Hospital, Nagercoil, Travancore, India.

ENSIGN MARY SMITH, Thomas Emery Hospital, Mahadabad, U.P., India.

CAPTAIN HAROLD CORBETT, Salvation Army, Willingdon Boys' Home, Sankli Street, Byculla, India.

CAPTAIN HARRISON COOPER, Salvation Army, Koo Sei Goon, Seoul, Korea.

CAPTAIN JOHN FITTEN, Salvation Army, Sitanagaram Settlement, Tadepalli P.O., Guntur District, India.

CAPTAIN AND MRS. EARL HARRIS, Salvation Army, Koo Sei, Gopn, Seoul, Korea.

MRS. CAPTAIN A. LONG, Salvation Army, 11 Hunters Road, Vepery, Madras, India.

MRS. CAPTAIN H. JON TER TELGTE, Leger Des Heils, Pelantoengan Soeboredjo, Kendal, Dutch East Indies.

CAPTAIN M. E. MASON, Salvation Army Headquarters, Broadway, Madras, India.

CAPTAIN AND MRS. MOFFETT, King Street and North Parade, Kingston, Jamaica.

CAPTAIN AND MRS. LESLIE RUSSELL, 37 Dhurrumtolla Street, Calcutta, India.

CAPTAIN WALTER POWELL, 37 Dhurrumtolla Street, Calcutta, India.

CAPTAIN AND MRS. WILLIAMS, Salvation Army, Ani P.O. Via Kotgarh, Simla Hills, India.

LIEUTENANT R. McPHAIL, Salvation Army, Moorland Road, Byculla, Bombay, India.

SALVATION at WESTON

The COMMISSIONER and MRS. HAY Pay Early Call

Not many weeks were allowed to elapse ere the Commissioner and Mrs. Hay made a re-appearance in the splendid new Citadel which they opened for the service of the new Corps at Weston. A happy audience was assembled on Sunday night when the Commissioner opened the proceedings with a rousing Salvation song. Staff-Captains Hay and Mundy contributed solos to the joy of all and Mrs. Hay spoke her way into the hearts of her hearers.

Lt.-Colonel McAmmond, who offered a hearty welcome to the visitors in the name of the Officers and Soldiers of the Corps, mentioned the gratification of those present that the Commissioner and Mrs. Hay had found it possible to pay this call so soon.

A bright and encouraging meeting, which was also full of instruction, saw a number of new people in attendance, and there were two surrenders at the Mercy-seat.

Coming Events

MRS. COMMISSIONER HAY

ST. CATHARINES, Wed Nov 12

WINDSOR, Wed Nov 19 (Home League Rally)

TORONTO TEMPLE, Fri Nov 21 (Home League Sale)

LEASIDE, Tues Nov 25 (Mrs. Colonel Henry will accompany)

THE CHIEF SECRETARY (Colonel Henry)

Riverdale, Fri Nov 7 (United Soldiers Meeting)

Colonel Morchen: New Glasgow, Thurs Nov 13; Glace Bay, Sat 15 to Mon 24; Sydney, Thurs 27; Moncton, Sat 29 to Mon Dec 3; Charlottetown, Wed Thurs Dec 11

Lt.-Colonel Saunders: Barrie, Sat Mon Nov 10

Brigadier Evers: West Toronto, Sun Mon Nov 17

Brigadier Hawkins: Riverdale, Sat Sun Nov 9

Brigadier Macdonald: Dunnville, Sat Sun Nov 9

Major Best: London 1, Sat Mon Nov 10

Major McElhiney: Windsor 1, Mon Nov 10

Major Owen: North Bay, Sat Sun Nov 9

Major Raven: Windsor 11, Sat Sun Nov 9

Major Spooner: Lippincott, Sun Nov 16

Major Tuttle: Montreal Social Corps, Sun Nov 16

Staff-Captain Buntton: Windsor 1, Sat Sun Nov 9

Staff-Captain Ellery: Newcastle, Sat Mon Nov 10; Campbellton, Tues 11

Staff-Captain Mundy: Leaside, Thurs Mon Nov 10

Mrs. Staff-Captain Mundy and Salvation Singers: Langstaff Jail Farm, Sun Nov 30

Staff-Captain Ritchie: Chatham, Sat Sun Nov 9; Newcastle, Mon 10

Field-Major Campbell (11): Bridgeburg, Tues Fri Nov 7; Niagara Falls 11, Sat Mon 19; Niagara Falls 1, Tues Fri 14; Hamilton 11, Sat Mon 17

MEMORIES: (Continued from column 1, page 8)

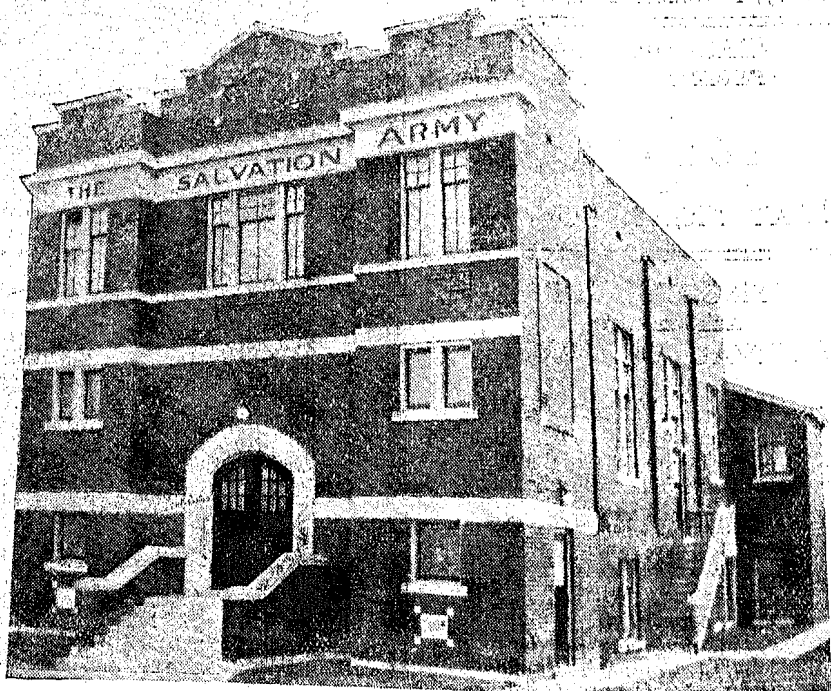
which may be derived the thought that The Army Flag is associated with the Cross and the Kingdom of Christ. Very well, to use another and more familiar song-poem, how do we "Stand up for Jesus?" Do we stand up at all? When, where, how do we stand? All that is in the challenge of the Colors! All that emerges from the profound question propounded by the war years.

Judge the world by its actions of to-day, a stranger from another world would think there had never been a war. But its marks are everywhere in view to the observant; we cannot ignore them. And the call to service is as clearly sounded to-day, sounded by vital necessity, as in the dark days of grim struggle and strife. What of the answer? There was no lack of courage in 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918; what about 1930? The example of our soldier-boys, the brave fortitude of the women in those days,

should inspire every true man and woman to greater zeal in the war against sin and misery.

"Ye that are men now serve Him," says the warrior-song, "against unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, and strength to strength oppose."

Our memories on Armistice Day—and every day—should excite our loyal devotion to that One who "counted not His own life dear" that He might render to humanity that aid which He alone could give. And we, in turn, saluting the principles woven into the symbols, The Army's All-the-World Flag, let us go forward fearlessly, every day, to fight in faith and by the strength of the King of kings to bring His Kingdom—the Kingdom of Righteousness and Holy Peace—on earth. The way to do this most effectively is one by one. Help the first one you meet, in any way possible, and so continue.



The New Hamilton IV Citadel, opened by the Commissioner

THE ARMY JOINS A TREMENDOUS TREK

New Chinese Corps Caters to Two Hundred Thousand People in Manchuria, which is now Esteemed as "The Land of Promise"

"Canadian Officers are doing well in China" says *LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER B. ORAMES*

NOT A great deal can be ascertained concerning a man's characteristics in fifteen minutes. But so pronounced is the gracious and unaffected Salvationism of China's new Territorial Commander, Lt.-Commissioner B. Orames, that it seems bound to reveal itself, even in that short time. Last week, whilst en route to the gathering of Commissioners in London, he stopped off in Toronto for a few hours. Alive to the news value of his visit, representatives from the local press were on his heels for "copy." They got their copy—and at the end of each interview this Salvationist, true to the traditions of The Army, had a few words of spiritual counsel with the reporters.

It is not to be wondered that a man with such a true sense of values, should be a positive enthusiast about The Army's work in China. For no other land offers greater potential promise to Christianity. Though he has only spent three months in his command, he has acquired a vast store of information pertaining to our labor there, and by dint of persistent effort along the linguistic line, can give out song numbers in the vernacular, as well as greet and bid farewell to the people. In view of the intricate nature of the language, this is a commendable achievement.

To maintain the position secured several years ago in China has taxed the resources of many mission bodies to the limit, in this day of internecine struggle. Happily The Army has held its own despite the difficulties and, in the past few months, has even made several striking advances.

Particularly fascinating is the opening of our work amongst the Chinese population of Manchuria. To-day the Chinese are displacing the Manchus by the million. They are crowding north to this "Land of Promise," taking families and household goods with them. Over-population and war in the homeland are the factors contributing to the tremendous trek. Now The Army has gone to Manchuria, too, the Commissioner recently opening the work in Mukden. A Japanese Corps was already in existence. But it can cater to a population of only 20,000, whilst the new Chinese Corps will operate in the midst of 200,000 people. Before sailing for the Old Land, the Commissioner visited Mukden, and was agreeably impressed with the extent of our activities.

He also found time, in his amazingly-crowded three months' sojourn in the Land of the Dragon, to go up the line as far as Kalgan, which is situated near the borders of mysterious Mongolia. There are three Corps

in operation at Kalgan now, two having been opened in the past three months. We praise God for such signs of evident progress.

Ting Chow, south of the Territorial centre, which is Peiping (pronounced Bay ping) was also visited by the Commissioner, though he could go no farther because of the chaotic condition of the country. An Army Hospital is under construction at Ting Chow. It was commenced in 1927, but the way has not been open for its completion until a short time ago. The Commissioner is hoping that within a few months the building will be ready. As there is no other hospital within four hundred miles, this will be an invaluable aid to the people. At the present moment, in time of

labored so indefatigably to bring The Army's Tokio hospital to its present high state of efficiency, was promoted to Glory. His loss will be keenly felt by the Japanese Comrades. Contact with The Army was established at Winnipeg, as well.

The Commissioner expressed his great pleasure at meeting Commissioner and Mrs. Hay again, as well as the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Henry and Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Saunders, whilst in Toronto.

When asked for a message con-



Chinese children caught by the camera when in happy mood

LET'S GO A-VISITING

WAYS IN WHICH "THE WAR CRY" WILL HELP

WE commend to the attention of our comrades the suggestion of a door-to-door canvass with "The War Cry." It is a safe and well-tried method not only of increasing sales, but of extending the Kingdom of God. In this way truly splendid service has been rendered by comrades for many years past all over the world, and the work they have done in pushing the sixty editions of "The War Cry" published in forty languages, is beyond all praise. Whether they be comrades or friends, the carriers of the White-Winged Advocate are missionaries indeed. They do not seek for praise, nor do they need it, for they have their reward in higher things.

To-day, as of old, there are many true-hearted ones who long to get into direct and helpful touch with the spiritually needy, the suffering, the lonely, and the sad, yet they do not

feel quite sure that it is their vocation to go a-visiting from door to door in the ordinary way. That to them is too daring and challenging a thing. Well, here is a "way out," and not for them only, but for all who wish to go in Christ's name and meet with those who need their help!

With something in the hand to offer the one who responds to the knock the visit is surely robbed of any of its embarrassing elements, even to the most timorous. If any comrade or friend is in any doubt on the question let him try this plan.

One word more. Let there be system in your canvass. When you pass on to another street, do not let your first street be forgotten. Do the work thoroughly and faithfully, for Christ's sake; see that every one is looked after, and your reward will be far greater than you can imagine!

illness, the Chinese patient must resign himself to the strange formulas concocted by a native practitioner.

Wherever he went, the Commissioner received a cordial welcome. At Peiping, the Central Corps Citadel containing the largest auditorium in the city, was thronged by 1,100 people for the welcome meeting. Though he could not understand a word of the greetings from Chinese comrades, the very warmth of their speech and gestures indicated the character of the salutation.

Passing through Japan on his way to Canada, the Commissioner had the opportunity of addressing the Japanese Cadets, and members of the Territorial Staff. Whilst there Doctor Matzuda, the Salvationist who had

cerning the Canadian Missionary Officers in China, the Commissioner requested "The War Cry" to stress the fact that they are in absolutely no danger at the present time, the fighting of the past few months having been confined to the Southern sections of the country. As a testimony to the deep passion for China's Salvation, that characterizes every Officer, the Commissioner said that he had not heard of one who did not strongly desire to return to their work after the home furlough.

"Canadian Officers are doing well," he declared, "both in health and work. Canada may feel rightly proud of her missionaries, for they are upholding the traditions of Canadian Salvationism."

THE CHIEF SECRETARY INSTALLS DIVISIONAL COMMANDER

THE Chief Secretary and Mrs. Henry conducted the installation of the Toronto West's new Divisional Commander, Brigadier Burton, and Mrs. Burton in the Toronto Temple. The Colonel was assisted by a number of Staff Officers.

Following the opening song and prayer, and a rousing number by the Earlscourt Songster Brigade, Mrs. Henry read a most appropriate Scripture portion. The Chief Secretary's message was of a highly instructive and inspiring nature, well calculated to encourage added zeal on the part of the Officers and Soldiery of the Division.

A second song was led by Lt.-Colonel Saunders, following which Adjutant Green spoke words of welcome

on behalf of the Divisional Staff and Young People's workers of the Division.

The Field Officers' hearty greeting was expressed by Commandant Laing, of West Toronto, while Mrs. Adjutant Green extended a warm welcome to Mrs. Burton, representing the women Officers.

Subsequent to an item from the Temple Band, Mrs. Brigadier Burton offered words of thanks for the reception, and praised God for His guidance in the past. The Brigadier, too, expressed his gratitude, and pledged himself to labor wholeheartedly for the extension of God's Kingdom.

The Benediction was pronounced by the Chief Secretary.



Free food is now being distributed by The Army from eight stations in Manhattan and Brooklyn, U.S.A.

ARE WE LOOKING FOR YOU?

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar, should, where possible, be sent with enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address Lt.-Colonel Sims, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, in the case of men, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

In the case of women, please notify Lt.-Colonel DesBrisay, Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

STRON, Jessie—Lived in Toronto in 1912. Anyone knowing whereabouts kindly communicate immediately.



Mrs. McKinnie

McKINNIE, Mrs. — Came to Canada in 1923. Last address, Montreal. Age 38; height 5 ft. 4 ins.; fair hair; grey eyes; fair complexion. Sister anxious for news.

EAGLES, Mrs. Minnie—Maiden name, Lockyer. Age 42 years; dark hair; grey eyes; native of Kent, England. Has family of three boys and one girl. Last address, Peterboro. Important news awaits her.

CARR, Mrs. Caroline Gertie—Age 37; height 5 ft. 6 ins.; medium brown hair; blue eyes; very fair complexion. Widow. Has three children. Thought to be living in Nova Scotia. Member Loyal True Blues. Originally from Lunenburg, Nfld.

DAVIS, Katie—About 40 years old; height 5 ft. 6 ins.; light hair and eyebrows; blue eyes. Last heard of in Halifax, Cook. Came originally from Fortune Harbor, Newfoundland.

WHITEHOUSE, Benjamin John—Age 64; height 6 ft.; grey hair; blue eyes; middle finger of left hand missing. When last heard of was living at 638 Prior Street, Vancouver, B.C. Was in San Francisco Hospital before going to Vancouver.

PAYNE, John Richard—Born in England. Missing three months. Age about 23 years. Last known address, Verdun, Montreal. Wife anxious to locate him.

FISHBOURNE, Thomas — Born September 17th, 1901; height about 6 feet; complexion fair. Missing since 1920. Last heard of in 1920. Occupation, mining and woodcutting. Sister inquiring, Miss F. Fishbourne, of Trinity College, Port Hope, Ontario.

AITKEN, John — Born in Scotland. Missing two years. Age 40. Last known address, 182 Sackville Street, Toronto. Wife anxious to locate.

KRISTIANSEN, Lyng—Born, Nittedal, Norway. Last heard from in 1916. Last known address, South Fort, George P.O., B.C., Canada. Brother-in-law would like to hear from him.

KOPPANGEN, Ole — Born, Mlesberg, Numedal, Norway. May be in the United States or Canada. Advocate Mr. Torolf Eld, Konigsberg, Norway, enquiring.

LILLEY, Albert Scott — Mother, in England, anxious to get news.

MILNER, Aubrey Milner, wishes to locate his brother, Nugent Milner, who played in The Salvation Army Band at Chatham, Ont., Canada, about thirty years ago. Will pay a reward of twenty-five dollars for information which will lead to his discovery. Address Aubrey Milner, 309 Travis Building, San Antonio, Texas.

USE PRINTER'S INK

(Continued from page 3)

membering that every home in town had an issue of the local paper, the amount of publicity this meant will be readily appreciated.

The slogan caught on. Everyone remembered it. The smallest congregation we had during the Campaign was thirty-five, and that on a very stormy night. As a result of the meetings we had the joy of seeing many precious souls finding the Saviour.

Another advertising idea I used in one town, apart from paying for a display advertisement in the local paper—for you must not expect everything for nothing—was to insert a message tending to catch the eye of the individual who will not read the ordinary advertising. This took the form of a short dialogue, such as:

John: "Say, Tom, where are you going on Monday night?"

Tom: "Why, to the Revival Meeting at The Army."—H.A.

"OUR OWN"

ALMANAC for 1931

THE FINEST AND MOST
MODERATELY-PRICED ALMANAC
ON THE MARKET

PRICE 25 CENTS



All who are interested in the sale of this art production should see the Officer at the nearest Corps.

He will give you information regarding the terms of sale

This Almanac will sell rapidly. The glorious work of The Army will commend it to the Public

EVERY HOME WILL REQUIRE ONE

One look, and its wonderfully-effectively coloring will gain immediate admiration

THE DAILY SCRIPTURE MESSAGES WILL BRING
COMFORT AND BLESSING TO ALL

Order from:

THE TRADE SECRETARY

20 ALBERT STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO

NOW FOR A GOOD SING!

A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

Help me to watch and pray
And on Thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY

Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory;
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear,
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

BOYS' AND GIRLS' HOMES

Application for admission to The Army's Boys' Home, London, and the Girls' Home, Toronto, can now be considered. These Homes are for orphans, boys and girls, and for those in necessitous circumstances. Application should be made for boys to Lt.-Colonel E. Sims, and for girls to Lt.-Colonel DesBrisay, 20 Albert St., Toronto.

Thanksgiving Evening, Nov. 10th
Come and enjoy a profitable evening
of MUSIC AND SONG by the

**BROCK AVENUE BAND
AND SONGSTER BRIGADE**
Program, Fifteen Cents
BROCK AVENUE CITADEL

**TORONTO EAST DIVISION
SOLDIERS, ATTENTION!**

Series of Six Special United
Soldiers' Meetings

RIVERDALE CITADEL

Beginning Friday, Nov. 7th, 8 p.m.

COLONEL R. HENRY

Will Conduct Initial Meeting

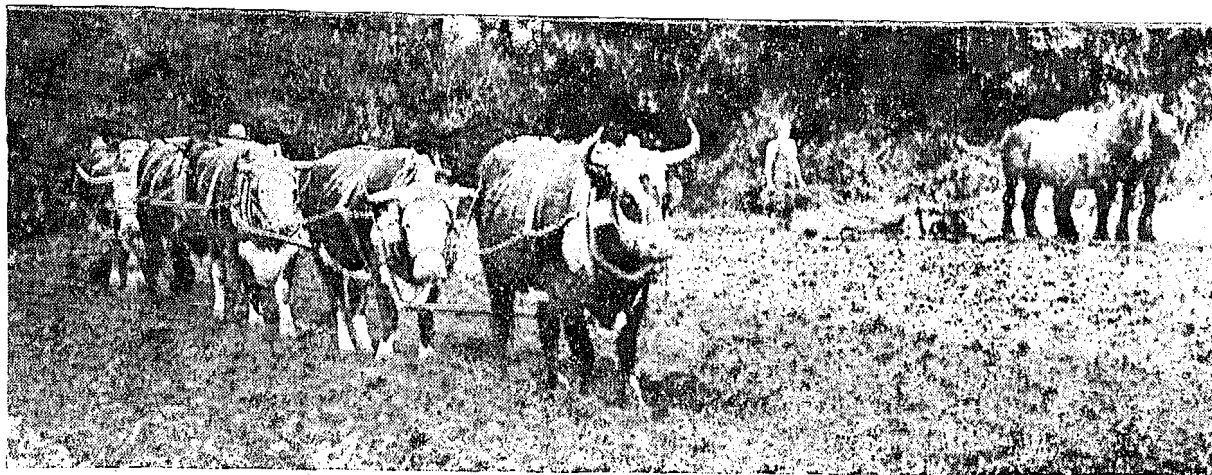
Divisional Instrumental Quartet and
Vocal Octet will assist

Soldiers Admitted by Pass only

See your Officer

A SUMMARY OF CURRENT THOUGHT AND EVENTS

THE WORLD AS WE SEE IT



Beasts of the plough, of two distinct periods, are seen in action on this English farm. The oxen of the remote past have been succeeded by the horse. A modern tractor is needed to convey the idea of the march of progress

THE OMINOUS SHADOW

With Fine Hopefulness and Practical Methods, Canada is Striving to Ameliorate the Unemployment Evil

PROSPERITY and poverty—odd pals to be keeping company! Yet that appears to be the queer alliance visible on every hand in Canada.

The writer was privileged to motor through a section of Ontario where overflowing granaries, busy canneries and lengthy fruit-trains proclaimed more eloquently than words an abundant harvest.

The rattle of the industrious thresher was heard. The perspiring harvesters were seen as they fed the precious sheaves into the voracious maw of the thresher. Then the apples! Orchards aplenty were passed, the sturdy trees groaning with the weight of their rosy-checked fruit, which soon would be carefully packed in the barrels lying in readiness beneath the trees.

Against this background of prosperity were woeful figures—figures which represent poverty—out-of-works, dejectedly trudging the sun-scorched pavement, and on the approach of a car turning hopelessly to request a lift. Giving lifts on the highway is not popular these days.

"Hoboes," some might contemptuously class these men, and dismiss the subject without further thought. Certainly some do come within that category, but it would be unkind and incorrect to class all alike.

They represent Canada's army of unemployed—an army which is now

computed at 117,000, and who would suggest that these men, in the majority of cases are to blame for their condition? They are the victims of industrial depression which is not peculiar to Canada, but appears to be casting its ominous shadow over the whole world. Britain's out-of-works now number over two million, it is claimed; the United States, three million; Germany, three million, and France, one million.

What is the solution of this gigantic problem? It would appear to be insoluble in the world's present state. Certainly, nothing short of a round-table conference involving representatives of the largest nations, will ever achieve anything on a comprehensive scale. At the moment the chances of such a conference appear to be remote, and individual nations are grappling with their own problems as best they can.

Governmental schemes—both Dominion and Provincial—are already on foot, involving the development of public works, which it is hoped will

give thousands of men employment.

Cities and towns are bending every effort to absorb their incumbents, with varying degrees of success and a flood of ideas are forthcoming from the man-in-the-street about how the situation may be relieved. One writer to a daily newspaper makes the suggestion that all liquor stores be closed during the depression, so that the worker's money will go into groceries and necessities for his family rather than in drink. We heartily endorse the idea!

A road-builder dispensed recently with a steam shovel on a job, thus giving work to sixty men.

A prominent Toronto newspaper has for several weeks, published a daily appeal for its readers to place men—if only in temporary jobs, and an encouraging response has resulted.

And so—ad infinitum.

Such willing co-operation, if persisted in, will go far to prevent the unhappy bread-line this coming Winter.—J.W.

Soot and smoke in the atmosphere provide a perfect absorption screen for all the health-giving rays of the sun, and so constitute an alarming factor in infant mortality and adult debility.

MOTOR AGE BLAMED

THE British Home Office has issued a report to the effect "that crimes against property with violence have increased most in the country districts outside the large towns, and that the increase in this class of crime, is therefore due to the incoming Motor Age."

The explanation given is that the motor-car enables the criminally-minded to travel faster and farther into regions where they are unknown and consequently unmolested. Moreover the motor-car permits such people to live in the country where they can ply their nefarious business with little danger.

STEEL CONQUESTS

SHEFFIELD steel has won an enduring place in the world's markets and is likely to make new conquests in South America, whither the Master Cutler of Sheffield is being sent by his town to demonstrate that it is still the centre of the world's steel industry.

More than fifty per cent. more steel and steel products are being manufactured than in the best years previous to the War. Her special steels force their way through the most prohibitive tariffs, and are indispensable to industrial nations.

WORLD'S LARGEST DAM

A great dam has just been completed on the Gatineau River, Quebec, which has a capacity nearly double that of the Assuan Dam on the Nile. It has been built to ensure sufficient water-power for industrial purposes even in dry seasons. The Assuan Dam was constructed in order to retain water for irrigation. It is interesting to note that, when it was opened in 1902, the capacity of the reservoir was less than half what it is to-day. Since then the dam has been made higher, thus increasing the capacity.

Professor Millikan, in a recent book, "Science and the New Civilization," vindicates science as the most powerful agent in the abolition of war.



With the arrival of another Armistice Commemoration, memory is stirred of those whom we have "loved long since, and lost awhile." Folkestone (England), schoolboys are here seen depositing flower-tokens of remembrance upon the graves of Canadian soldiers buried in Shorncliffe Cemetery

Are you going Home to the Old Country for
Christmas
THE ARMY WAY IS
THE BEST WAY
Join one of our
SPECIAL PARTIES

S.S. DORIC from Montreal
November 28th

S.S. DUCHESS of ATHOLL
from St. John, N.B.

December 16th, for
BELFAST — GLASGOW and
LIVERPOOL

Third-class return Ocean Rate
from \$155 up

Ordinary Bookings can also be arranged
to or from the Old Country.
Rates and Sailings on application
Passports Secured—Passengers Met

Write to-day for full information.
The Resident Secretary,
1225 University St., Montreal, P.Q.
or the Secretary,
480 Jarvis St., Toronto, Ont.
808 Dundas St., Woodstock, Ont.
114 Beekwith St., Drawer 1468,
Smith's Falls, Ont.

HOW DO YOU
MEASURE UP?

(See page 9)

The WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN of The SALVATION ARMY
in Canada East & Newfoundland

THE ARMY JOINS A
TREMENDOUS TREK

(See page 13)

No. 2403. 16 pp. Price Five Cents.

TORONTO 2, NOVEMBER 8, 1930.

JAMES HAY, Commissioner.

NEWFOUNDLAND LEADERS

Welcomed to Montreal

MONTREAL CITADEL (Adjutant and Mrs. Cubitt)—We were privileged to have Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Bladin with us for a recent week-end. They have been announced to conduct the Sunday morning and afternoon services, and we were doubly favored when it was possible for them to be present on Saturday night also. Salvationism is not dull by any means, and this was proved by the wholesome joy produced in the program arranged by Bandmaster J. N. Audouire. This was known as Beginners' night. Each item by the Band was conducted by one of the younger Bandsmen who never before had led a Band. In addition, a delightful duet by Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Bladin was given effectively. This was followed by a brief address from Mrs. Bladin.

There can be no question as to the presence of the Holy Spirit being with us on Sunday morning, because right from the commencement His power was felt. A number of new choruses were taught us by the Colonel. An additional pleasure for us on this occasion was the presence of Major N. Pitcher, an Officer who served valiantly in this city for a period of eight years.

Owing to the fact that the Colonel and Mrs. Bladin had to leave on an early train, the Sunday afternoon service was their final one with us. The Colonel gave a lecture entitled "Humorous experiences as Chaplain with the Australian troops." This proved to be a pleasant talk and many interesting stories were told.

Charlie and the Chaplain

One in particular showed how God mysteriously performs His marvelous works. The story was of a young soldier, who came into an Army hut, the worse for drink. He had attracted about one thousand men into the hut through his antics and songs, when, all of a sudden, he asked the Chaplain if he could pray. The Chaplain thought it would not be quite the thing at that time, but the soldier insisted and got down on his knees. His efforts to pray caused such merriment as to literally shake the place.

This fact served to sober up the young man who had become stuck for something to say. "No," he said, "I won't be stuck for words; I'll say the prayer that mother taught me when I was a kid," and went on with that familiar little prayer "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild." It was as though a bomb-shell had struck the place. Memories of home were revived in the hearts of all the soldiers present, and soon many were sobbing like children. Rising from his knees, this lad shook hands with the Chaplain and said "Cap'n, I mean to be a better man from now on, and I am going to stick to it."

For two weeks the men noticed that a great change had come about in Charlie. Then came the time for him to go up to the front line. As was the case with thousands of others, Charlie didn't come back. A sniper had found the mark, but a comrade told the Chaplain that right up to the last Charlie had kept to his word and died as a Christian.

We shall never forget the great blessing which came to us through the medium of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Bladin.

On Sunday night, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Ursaki were with us and as we went down in prayer after the opening song a young man got up from the back of the Hall and made his way to the Mercy-seat. A number of Corps Cadets were called upon to give a word for the Master.—F. J. Knights.

THE CHRISTMAS ISSUE

OF

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SIX CAPTURES

Sunshine and Song

TORONTO TEMPLE (Adjutant and Mrs. Larman)—The week-end meetings were of special interest. Staff-Captain and Mrs. Mundy conducted the services Sunday morning and evening. Their singing brought sunshine and blessing to many hearts.

The night meeting was attended by a large audience. The Divine presence was very real. The Staff-Captain delivered a heart-searching address, and in the Prayer-meeting, which followed, six precious seekers sought forgiveness at the Mercy-seat.—D.S.

COMFORT TO SORROWING

MOUNT DENNIS (Ensign Greatrix, Captain Parsons)—The Cadets' Welcome meeting was full of life and vim, and very well attended. Their first half-day of house-to-house visitation was very encouraging. They entered many homes and read from God's Word and prayed. One was a home of sorrow, whence a mother had, the previous day, buried her boy. We believe this visit brought blessing and comfort to her.

We rejoiced over one seeker in the evening meeting.

SALVATION REJOICING

EARLSCOURT (Ensign and Mrs. Warrander)—Last Sunday night Lt.-Colonel McAmmond and Adjutant and Mrs. Green were with us. We had a splendid time. The Hall was filled to capacity.

At the end of the meeting we rejoiced to see five seekers at the Penitent-form.

HAMILTON DIVISIONAL NOTES

On a recent Sunday Brigadier and Mrs. Macdonald were at St. Catharines, accompanied by their son, Bandsman (Dr.) Ian Macdonald, who, week-ending with his parents, was pressed into service. A jail meeting was conducted by Mrs. Macdonald and Mrs. Adjutant Hart, and a rush visit before the night meeting was made by the Brigadier to dedicate a sick baby, in the neighboring town of Meriton. An elderly man came to the Mercy-seat at night.

Returning from the Congress on Friday, the Divisional Commander and Staff-Captain Wilson were guests at a united Bandsmen's tea at Hamilton I, the No. 1 Band being the hosts to the four other Bands of the city. One hundred and ten men were in attendance, and a very helpful time was enjoyed.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Wilson have gone from us. Our loss means gain to the folk of Cape Breton, and our good wishes go with them.

Brigadier and Mrs. Macdonald spent last week-end at Preston, where Captain Bryant and Lieutenant Watt are waging a stiff fight. They are aided most courageously by the veteran Sergeant-Major Hussey, "eighty years young."

Saturday night an Open-air was held, and on Sunday six Bandsmen from Hamilton I came to help, and a happy day was spent. In the night meeting one sister returned to the Fold.—Nemo.

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